Week ending October 13 1956 *Every Wednesday Fourpence*

JOHN BULL

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

—the amazing escape story of a German p.o.w. in England

NICHOLAS MONSARRAT'S superb new novel

OUR OLYMPIC PROSPECTS

Complete short story by GERALD BULLETT

Title this cover for £100

There's Hot Scott's energy!

Start her day right and she's right for the day! Scott's Porage is almost essential for children's breakfasts. It's the real stuff. It warms you through and through. Sun-ripened oats milled in Scotland and rolled thin to cook in a trice —with the true smooth creamy flavour of oatmeal. Scott's Porage Oats is a natural source of energy-giving carbohydrates and vitamin B_1—the vitamin that helps ensure a healthy appetite, sound nerves and a good digestion. Scott's Porage Oats costs less than a penny a plateful, the cheapest energy breakfast for the whole family.

Supergood SUPERFAST hot breakfast

JOHN BULL

189 HIGH HOLBORN LONDON W.C.1

TEMPLE BAR 2468 OCTOBER 13, 1956 VOLUME 100 NUMBER 2624

IN THIS ISSUE

Stories

THE REVENGE *by Gerald Bullett* 13
CHAMPAGNE FOR MISS WALSH *by Robert Holmes* 36

Articles

WHAT CAN WE WIN AT THE OLYMPICS? *by John Sandilands* 16
HEALED BY THE KNIFE IN HER HEART *by Don Everitt* 25
MENAGERIE AT HIS FINGERTIPS *by Rex Grizell* 34

Serials

SOMETHING FISHY (Part 3) *by P. G. Wodehouse* 21
THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (Part 2) *by Kendal Burt and James Leasor* 28
THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD (Part 4) *by Nicholas Monsarrat* 32

Features

FREE SPEECH: 4, 6, 8, 10. THE COVER: 10. GOODNESS: 40, 46, 50, 56, 61. JOKES: 41, 44, 47, 48, 51, 59, 61. MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME: 42. MY SISTER SHEILA: 55. OPEN TO VIEW: 62.

REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Gerald Bullett: spurred on by irritating ideas

"AN idea for a story," says Gerald Bullett, author of *The Revenge* (page 13), "is like the bit of grit that gives rise to the pearl in an oyster. Once it is lodged in a writer's mind he can't rest until he's worked it out of his system.

"The idea for *The Revenge* had been irritating me for a long time. I had to do something about it. . . ."

Bullett finds that the pieces of grit in his mind leave him little time for his major talent — which, he says, is indolence. Now in his sixties, he has been writing for more than forty years. He has published novels, short stories, poetry, two books for children and several anthologies and biographies. He takes a keen interest in the typography of his books and has designed many of them himself.

Married, with one daughter, Bullett has been a countryman for more than thirty years—except when he worked for the B.B.C. in London during the war. He does all his writing between 8 a.m. and lunchtime at his home, which is an Elizabethan farmhouse in Sussex. In the afternoons he reads or walks, sometimes plays a gentle game of badminton with his wife, and potters in the garden.

When his taste for idleness is overpowering in the summer months he likes to watch village cricket. "And I keep a countryman's hours," he says. "I'm generally in bed by eleven."

WHEN JOHN BULL staff photographer Arthur Whittington left London to take photographs in the Lake District he looked forward to a pleasant assignment in one of the loveliest parts of the country. "I visualized wonderful holiday weather, superb landscapes, and a chance for some fine photography," he says. He was soon disillusioned. It rained the whole time he was there; heavy, nonstop, torrential rain. The only landscape pictures he could get were of mist-shrouded hills.

The weather, says Whittington, must have been exactly like the weather met by Franz von Werra, the German prisoner of war who escaped in the Lake District sixteen years ago and whose path Whittington was tracing to provide illustrations for *The One That Got Away* (part two begins on page 28).

"I pitied von Werra. I was equipped to meet any weather, but even so it was difficult crossing the sodden countryside, where I slithered at almost every step. Von Werra had no equipment—and, unlike me, he couldn't nip in for a warming brandy now and then."

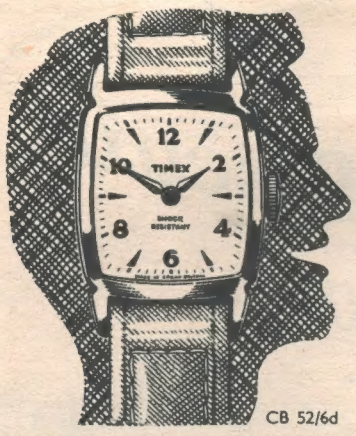
Whittington spent some of his time in the Lakes giving lifts in his car to Boy Scouts and other campers who could not cope with the weather, despite their tents and wet-weather equipment. One Scout told him: "In two weeks we've been flooded out three times. I'll be glad to get home." So was Whittington.

OVALTINE Biscuits

ARE IDEAL FOR ALL OCCASIONS

In sealed airtight packets ● *At* ALL SHOPS *selling biscuits*

0817


CB 52/6d

EB 57/-

SC 95/-

GB 57/-

KXB/S/M 115/6d

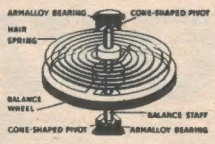
AB 52/6d

TIMEX

MORE PEOPLE BUY TIMEX than any other watch in the world

Every year millions more people become TIMEX owners . . . because TIMEX has features found in no other watch of its class. Every TIMEX, even the most elegant ladies' models, can take knocks and shocks that would soon stop the ordinary watch. The favourite TIMEX models fulfil the high standards of good taste set by the Council of Industrial Design. TIMEX also has a dustproof seal — cannot be overwound — is anti-magnetic — and fully guaranteed. Most impressive fact of all is that a TIMEX, backed by a century of watch-making experience, can be bought for as little as 49/- ! *69 Models, 49/- to 115/6d.*

THE V-CONIC MOVEMENT Every TIMEX has the famous V-Conic movement A special cone-shaped balance staff runs in precision-ground Armalloy bearings. This gives the movement tremendous strength where watches are weakest.



SHOCK RESISTANT

FULLY GUARANTEED

Consult your TIMEX *stockist or write for details to :*

TIMEX, 161-167 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1.

Free Speech

- **Warm welcome for pay-day prowlers**
- **Bigger public for wedding banns**
- **Is Britain a nation of sitters-in?**

My brother, who recently emigrated to Toronto, Canada, tells me that at the factory where he works the week's wages arrive in an armoured truck. It is manned by three men, all of whom have revolvers drawn and a belt of bullets handy.

This sounds dramatic but, in the light of recent incidents in Britain, such precautions might well be taken here. The army could justify the existence of so many National Servicemen by loaning out men and equipment at a charge to cover costs, with perhaps a little extra. Factory managers would consider such a service cheap at any price. — MRS. J. GARDNER, Hornchurch.

"The army could not act on its own initiative," says the War Office. "Troops could be used to help the police only if authority were given by the government."

Safety In Horror

I don't believe horror comics ("Free Speech," September 8) have any bad effect on schoolchildren. They learn to appreciate good books as well. Blood and thunder books never did any boy any harm; they simply act as a safety valve for normal boyish feelings. — MRS. K. SPALDING, Norwich, Norfolk.

No Label

It seems to me ridiculous that when an election candidate's name appears on a ballot paper the name of the party he belongs to doesn't appear, too. This is not so important in Parliamentary elections, but it is very confusing in municipal elections, where there are sometimes nine or ten candidates in one ward.—J. D. W., London, N.21.

"It is the law that party affiliations shall not appear on ballot papers," says a political expert. "The British Constitution does not recognize parties. A candidate is nominated, and should be elected, as an individual and not as a member of a party. But in practice, of course, it is usually a party which puts him up for election."

Please Forward

When my husband and I were married, both our addresses were changed, and I applied to the Post Office for a form notifying the change of address. When I explained that we preferred to have mail forwarded to us direct rather than have it delayed by being delivered to our previous homes, I was told that this could not be done. — MRS. M. A. BRAYBROOK, Guildford, Surrey.

"Redirection of letters, parcels and other postal packets, apart from telegrams, is undertaken free of charge for the first three months after removal," says the Post Office. "But we do not normally redirect mail if it can be done by a member of the family at the original address."

Over The Bridge

We have just returned from an enjoyable holiday in Scotland. We crossed the Firth of Forth by ferry and were charged 5s. 4d. for a car and two passengers—fair value for a fifteen-minute crossing. Two days later, we drove out of Oban and misguidedly crossed the Connel Ferry Bridge. We were speechless at the other end when the British Railways official requested 5s. 4d. for the short journey. The alternative to the trip over the bridge was a detour of one hundred miles.—E. HARRIS, Dixon Lane, Leeds.

"We operate ten toll bridges in Britain, and the charges vary," says British Railways. "The Connel Ferry Bridge was opened in 1903 with a footbridge for pedestrians. Vehicles were able to cross later, and after a public inquiry in 1919 were charged 7s. 6d. or 10s. In 1937, the L.M.S. company reduced the tolls to 4s., 5s. or 6s., depending upon the horsepower of the car, plus 2d. for each passenger, and these charges have remained unaltered. Bearing in mind present-day costs of maintenance and staff employed to deal with traffic, the charges can scarcely be considered unreasonable."

Smokeless Zone

I have always been amused by our fetish in Britain of having a fire of some kind to sit round, and have advocated the more efficient system of central heating for our houses. But my brother, who has just returned from the United States, has astonished me by saying that in New York tenants of apartments can pay

extra rent and have English-type fireplaces fitted. There are plenty of takers for these fireplaces, which cannot possibly be used for there is no chimney. In fact, they are just for sitting round.—MISS G. M. V., Wembley Park, Middlesex.

Posting The Banns

In the days when people lived in small communities and had a church as a social centre, it was sufficient for marriage banns to be read in church. But now that we live in large communities and many people don't attend church, I think the banns should be published on a notice board outside the church and perhaps in the local newspaper as well.—MRS. F. BISHOP, Manor Street, St. Pauls, Bristol, 2.

In Switzerland, notices of forthcoming marriages are posted on the notice boards outside the civil register office in the towns of the bride and bridegroom and in their families' home towns. The banns are not read in church, because the church service can take place only after the civil ceremony has been performed.

Answer To Television

Whenever I hear complaints that Britain has become a nation of "sitters-in" watching television, I quote in reply the case of Bexhill Lecture Society in Sussex. Every year, the society holds a series of fortnightly lectures on all kinds of subjects by all kinds of people.

One morning recently a friend of mine began queueing for his season ticket at 7.30. The box office didn't open until 10 a.m. and there were fifteen people in front of him. There was a complete sell-out of season

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

LOOK INTO

LINK

U41. Armchair from £17.13.6.

E8014. Drop leaf Diner. £16.3.0.

E8002. 4ft. Sideboard. £26.19.6.

Not everyone (or every two) can buy a homeful of furniture immediately they set up house.

A bedroom suite, of course, and probably a complete dining room. But settees and other pieces often have to come one by one—as we can afford them.

That's where LINK helps. You can buy one piece now—say a bureau—with the certainty that in a years time you'll be able to link it up with a trolley-diner, or an armchair with a settee.

There are lots of other reasons for looking into the LINK range—the beautiful woods, the gay fabrics . . . see for yourself.

Shown are: occasional table, £7.19.6; easy chair, from £17.19.0; 3 ft. wardrobe, £24.18.0; bedside cupboard, £8.14.9; 3 ft. bedstead, £8.10.6; 2 ft. 6 ins. chest, £15.3.6; 2 ft. 6 ins. dressing chest, £18.5.0; and stool, £4.9.0.

There's a splendid book all about LINK furniture, which shows you all the LINK pieces, and gives you dozens of ideas for planning your house, flat or bed-sitting room. We've crammed it with pictures. So send this coupon off for your copy to— Dept. J.B. 1 Harris Lebus Limited, 17-19 Maddox Street, London, W.1.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

COUNTY .....

MADE BY LEBUS IN THE WORLD'S LARGEST FURNITURE FACTORY

Why Dunlopillo

is the best mattress

you can buy

—because it is the world's most comfortable mattress, and the most economical too. With no stuffing or upholstery to get lumpy, it gives undiminished comfort for years and years. Dunlopillo is healthy because its millions of self-ventilating air cells never create dust or fluff. A Dunlopillo mattress never needs turning, and provides the ideal density for restful bodily support. In short Dunlopillo brings new comfort to life. Prices from 12 gns (3′ 0″) and 17 gns (4′ 6″).

Dunlopillo

MATTRESSES

and their perfect partners in comfort—
Dunlopillo **BOLSTERS** *and* **PILLOWS**

6D/DIA

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

tickets, holders of which form the bulk of the audience. And the capacity of the De La Warr Pavilion, which is invariably packed for each lecture, is twelve hundred.—MRS. W. B., Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

This year's programme includes lectures by Brigadier Sir John Glubb on Britain and the Middle East, Sydney Harrison on music, Lord Justice Birkett on books and lawyers, Sir John Wolfenden, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, on "Citizens of Tomorrow" and an "Any Questions" session with Members of Parliament on the panel.

Showing The Way

More towns should install signposts showing the way to local hospitals. Recently, in another town, my young son was involved in a minor accident. After being misdirected three times, we finally found the hospital—within a hundred yards of where the accident occurred.—E. HARLAND, Heaton Norris, Stockport, Cheshire.

Time Saver

I was interested in the "Free Speech" letter saying how easy it is to write quickly in Arabic and what a saving this is when taking down business letters.

Here in Israel the same thing applies, as Ivrit (the official language) is also written very speedily. Every office worker—even the office junior—is able to take down quite quickly letters verbally dictated. — RAY SHRAGA, Ramat Gan, Israel.

"Ivrit is certainly quicker to take down than English," says an official of the Israel Embassy. "But it does not make shorthand unnecessary. There are about a dozen different shorthand systems for the Hebrew language."

Scaled Down

As a diabetic I have to weigh most of my food carefully. I have found that what was sold as a quarter of a pound of butter weighed only three and a quarter ounces, and "half a

pound" of bacon registered seven ounces. I think that if more housewives possessed scales they would help a lot in getting a square deal from traders who specialize in giving light weight.—T. SIMPSON, Thornliebank, Glasgow.

Soccer Superiority

While acknowledging Stan Cullis's right to comment ("England's Football Finds Its Feet," JOHN BULL, September 15), I think he is a little wide of the mark when he refers to the prewar era when "England were acknowledged masters of the soccer world."

Up to 1949, England played sixty-six full international matches against Scotland. Of these, England won twenty, sixteen were drawn and Scotland won the other thirty.—W. A. WALKER, Wellington Street, Dunoon, Argyll.

Beach Retreat

Your cover picture family's retreat from the tide (JOHN BULL, September 1), took me back forty years to the time when we boys watched the "deck-chair brigade" on the beach at Dovercourt Bay.

A flotilla of destroyers was always based just round the corner at Harwich. Sometimes three or four of them would sweep out of the harbour at high speed, making an almost complete turn round the channel buoy far out in the bay before heading out to sea.

The terrific wash of the bow waves would appear as a mere ripple from the beach, but soon it would race across the three-mile stretch of water and break with a thundering roar on the shore, advancing up the beach for twenty yards or more, scattering deck chairs and holiday-makers in confusion.—VICTOR R. HUNT, Westfield Moor, Sussex.

For Safety

In the feature on fluorescent fittings in your "Do It Yourself" Supplement (JOHN BULL, September 22), you omit to make it clear that although the fittings would light if installed as you suggest, they should be efficiently earthed. It is essential also that the polarity is correct.—R. J. CHECKLEY, Ross Street, Cambridge.

Gatecrasher

We found a neat circular hole about one-quarter of an inch in diameter in the bathroom floor of our new bungalow. A large and unfamiliar insect

escaping by the window turned out to be a wood wasp, a creature whose larvae are reared in the trunks of growing trees, where they often remain for years before eating their way out. This one had apparently survived the felling, sawing and building operations and had eaten its way out through wood, brown paper and linoleum. — JOHN CORMACK, Bearsden, Glasgow.

Coin Confusion

Now the holiday season is over, no doubt there will be the annual trouble with foreign silver coins. Many people, it seems, have visited Spain this year, for five-peseta pieces have been turning up in change in the place of half-crowns, which they resemble at a quick glance.

This disposal of surplus foreign money by returned holiday-makers is probably as much a nuisance in other countries as it is here. Just as various nations share out wave-lengths for radio transmission, so they should come to an agreement on making coins of differing size.—G. F. ABBOTT, Shoreham-by-Sea, Sussex.

Stamp Book Success

Keighley Post Office has a machine that issues shilling books of stamps. This is a good idea because it saves queueing for stamps at the counter and is a boon when one cannot afford books of stamps at 2s. 6d., 3s. 9d. or 5s.—H. ECCLES, Keighley, Yorkshire.

"We installed a shilling stamp book machine at the Festival of Britain Post Office at London's South Bank," says the Post Office. "It proved so successful that we have been experimenting with them generally, and there are now about ninety in post offices throughout the country. More will be installed later. The booklets contain four stamps each at a halfpenny, penny and three-halfpence."

Ancient And Modern

Berkshire, with its rapidly expanding atomic experimental stations of Harwell and Aldermaston, is experiencing an influx of the finest brains in the country. Yet many scientists and technicians are having to send their children to antiquated village schools built almost a century ago. Indeed, there are few schools in the country area with modern sanitation.

With three youngsters of my own, I have had to refuse several posts in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Everybody loves a Kosset *carpet!*

No wonder! The minute you walk on them you get that lovely pampered feeling. Thick and cushy. Soft and silent. They'd put anybody in a purring, luxuriously relaxed mood.

But expensive? No! That's the wonderful thing about Kosset carpets. They're real carpets but they're made in a revolutionary new way on new specially designed machines.

Practical? Very! Kosset carpets are *extra* tough and hardwearing. They're made from a special carpet yarn that can take any amount of family rough and tumble. It's mothproof, too, and cleaning is very simple

Laying? They're so lovely that it's well worth having them laid professionally, but if you do decide to lay them yourself you'll find them far easier than ordinary carpets, because they are latex-backed and even when you cut them they won't fray.

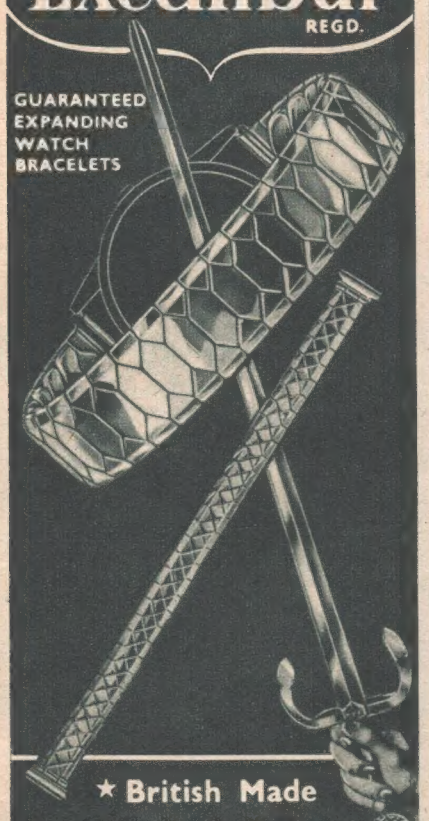
The colours are beautiful, especially beautiful, because the special yarn takes dyes so well. You can buy Kosset carpets seamless up to 15 feet wide.

You can choose your Kosset carpet from two grades: Super deep cut pile at 55/- a square yard ; or Service short loop pile at 33/- a square yard. And don't forget when you're reckoning up the cost, that the prices given are for *square* yards, not the usual 27″ (though of course you can get 27″ Kosset carpets for halls and stairs). If you remember this it makes the price even more amazing.

You can think of carpeting your whole house. You can consider changing your carpets from time to time. You can set up house with very little furniture and still feel rich and cosy, because everybody settles down and basks contentedly on Kosset carpets—the new low-cost luxury.

● *Kosset carpets are sold all over the country. If you want the name of your nearest dealer, or if you would like our free booklet telling you more about them, write to Kosset Carpets, 6/10 Bruton Street, London, W.1.*

Excalibur
REGD.



GUARANTEED EXPANDING WATCH BRACELETS

★ British Made
★ In 9ct. Gold, Rolled Gold or Stainless Steel
★ For every style of watch
★ Flexibility and Comfort

From all Jewellers & Watchmakers.

CORNS
REMOVED WITH
CASTOR OIL

Say good-bye to clumsy Corn pads and risky razors—A new liquid NOXACORN ends pain in 60 Seconds. Dries up Callouses and Corns, roots and all; Saves untold misery: Contains pure Castor Oil, Iodine and pain-relieving Benzocaine.

Here is unsolicited testimony:—

★ "IT HAS DONE WONDERS TO MY FOOT."
★ "AFTER TRYING NOXACORN — CORNS HAVE GONE."
★ "SINCE USING NOXACORN . . . I HAVE NEVER BEEN TROUBLED."

(The originals of above may be seen on request).

Noxacorn is obtainable at Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylor and all Chemists.

Price 1/11½ including Purchase Tax

NOXACORN

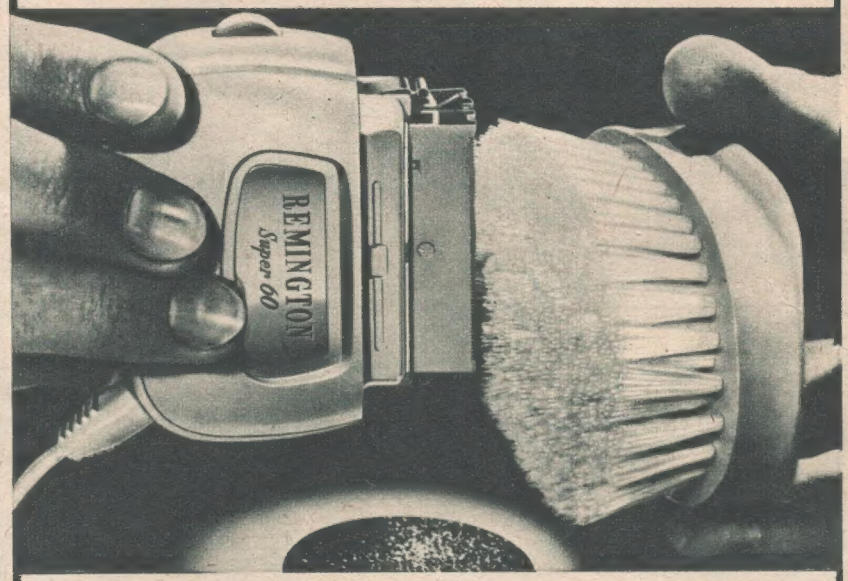
Nasal Catarrh

Free yourself from embarrassing stuffiness and nasal discharge with 'NOSTROLINE.' Clears head, opens breathing passages and lets you sleep free from the misery of Nasal Catarrh and Catarrhal head noises. Safe for Children.

FROM ALL CHEMISTS. TUBES 2/1d.

'Nostroline'

Proof!
REMINGTON
shaves the toughest beard



To show the full effect of this exacting test, the hair-trap has been removed.

smoothly – and with perfect ease.

This is an actual photograph of a Remington Super 60 shaving off the bristles of a stiff nylon brush. Yet it will shave the tenderest skin without stretching or harming it in any way.

Here indeed is proof that the Super 60 will shave you closer, smoother, more comfortably than any other method.

No wonder 16,000,000 men enthusiastically agree that Remington is the name that makes *all* the difference.

REMINGTON *Super 60*

THE SUPREME SHAVING INSTRUMENT OF ALL TIME

THE *HANDYMAN* WILL TREASURE THIS

'THIRD HAND'

This multi-purpose tool locks on to work with *tremendous grip* and stays there *with hands off* until the release lever is touched – how often have you wished for just that? Use it as super pliers, a vice, wrench, clamp and so on. The Mole Wrench is your "third hand" – sturdy, easy to handle – really something to treasure.

From Ironmongers, Motor and Motor Cycle Accessory Dealers.

If any difficulty write to:
M. MOLE & SON
BIRMINGHAM, 3

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

the county because of the disgusting conditions, which are more in keeping with 1856 than 1956.—G. D. C. W., Bridgend, Glamorgan.

"Rural education is being reorganized, but because of the expanding child population emphasis has been on providing school places," says the Ministry of Education. "As a result improvements, and even the providing of amenities in old schools, have had to be deferred in some places. But local authorities can carry out minor projects costing up to £10,000 each without permission from us."

Sphinx's Riddle

During a discussion with friends on a national problem the other evening, one of them commented, in passing, that the problem was as difficult to solve "as the riddle of the Sphinx." Nobody knew what the riddle was, or whether it was even answered. Was it, I wonder?—B. D. R., Sheffield.

In Greek legend, the Sphinx was a monster who ate all those who failed to answer the riddle she put to them. It was: "What has four feet in the morning, two at noon and three in the evening?" Oedipus, son of the King of Thebes, gave the right answer, and the Sphinx, in a fit of rage, threw herself from a rock. The solution: Man, who crawls as a baby, walks in maturity and uses a stick in old age.

Thirsty Cactus

Recently I began collecting all kinds of cacti and succulents. My friends said it was unnecessary to water them more than twice a month, but when I tried this the plants shrivelled and died. Then I watered them once a week and they thrived and grew

quite big. But I was always under the impression that cacti grew best in dry desert conditions. — F. LEA-GERRARD, Trowbridge, Wiltshire.

"Although most cacti will take as much water as any pot plant when in full growth, they can exist on very little, being adapted to withstand conditions of drought," says an expert. "Their growing period is from March to September, when water should be given about once a week. From late September to March very little water is required. This resting season is very necessary if they are to flower in the spring."

Talking In Class

I attend a grammar school for girls where dancing and public speaking ("Free Speech," September 15) are taught. On entering the senior school, we automatically join a dancing club—novices are taught by sixth-formers—and in the fifth form we begin "civics," or current events. Here we are taught what is expected of a good citizen in all aspects, and we are taught also the art of public speaking, which entails voicing our opinions before a group of about one hundred critical girls. — CATHERINE BROOME, Forest Hill, London.

Conscience Sales

Some organizations have developed a form of business which I am inclined to call "conscience selling." It consists of sending goods through the post to people whose addresses are probably acquired from the telephone

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10

Are you combing your hair-OUT?

DON'T IGNORE THIS TIMELY WARNING! Suddenly to find that your hair is coming out in your comb can give you an unpleasant shock. But it also gives you a timely warning —a warning to do something about it *now*, before it becomes more serious. And in order to take proper care of your hair it is important that you should know a little about it first.

SP46

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT HAIR?

Here are some questions often asked about hair. The answers will help you decide how your hair health can best be maintained.

* * * * *

Q What builds hair?

Hair, as it grows, is a living part of the body and like all living cells must be provided with nourishment. The papilla, or true root of the hair, is fed by a tiny blood vessel which supplies it with the organic substances *imperative* for hair growth. There are 18 of these substances, known as amino-acids, and all must be provided in the right proportion.

* * * * *

Q Why does hair die?

In many cases it is because the hair is not getting the amino-acids in adequate quantities from within the body. After a great deal of original research, Silvikrin Laboratories produced a combination of these 18 amino-acids in lotion form which can be massaged into the scalp to the hair roots. This lotion, called Pure Silvikrin, can thus provide the hair roots with their natural food from outside the body.

Sectional drawing showing hair root.

* * * * *

Q What causes dry, dandruffy hair?

This hair condition is often caused by under-activity of the sebaceous glands—the glands which provide an oily substance (sebum) to keep the hair supple and sleek. Effective treatment for this disorder must stimulate the sebaceous glands by massage and at the same time supply an emergency measure of amino-acids until such time as the hair mechanism is once again functioning properly. As you now know, Pure Silvikrin contains all 18 amino-acids in a form that can be massaged through the scalp to the hair roots.

* * * * *

DO YOU KNOW that the specially equipped Silvikrin Laboratories are devoted entirely to the study of the hair and its needs? Here, Silvikrin chemists, using radio-active amino-acids, have proved conclusively that amino-acids can pass from the surface of the skin to the hair roots and become part of the protein of living hair! Silvikrin chemists are continually mastering new scientific techniques, gleaning more and more knowledge of ways in which hair health can be improved by the use of Pure Silvikrin. It should be remembered that Pure Silvikrin is a biochemical treatment. Persevering use is *essential*. For 12/3d. you get a month's supply. Start using Pure Silvikrin today — there is no more positive step towards lasting hair health.

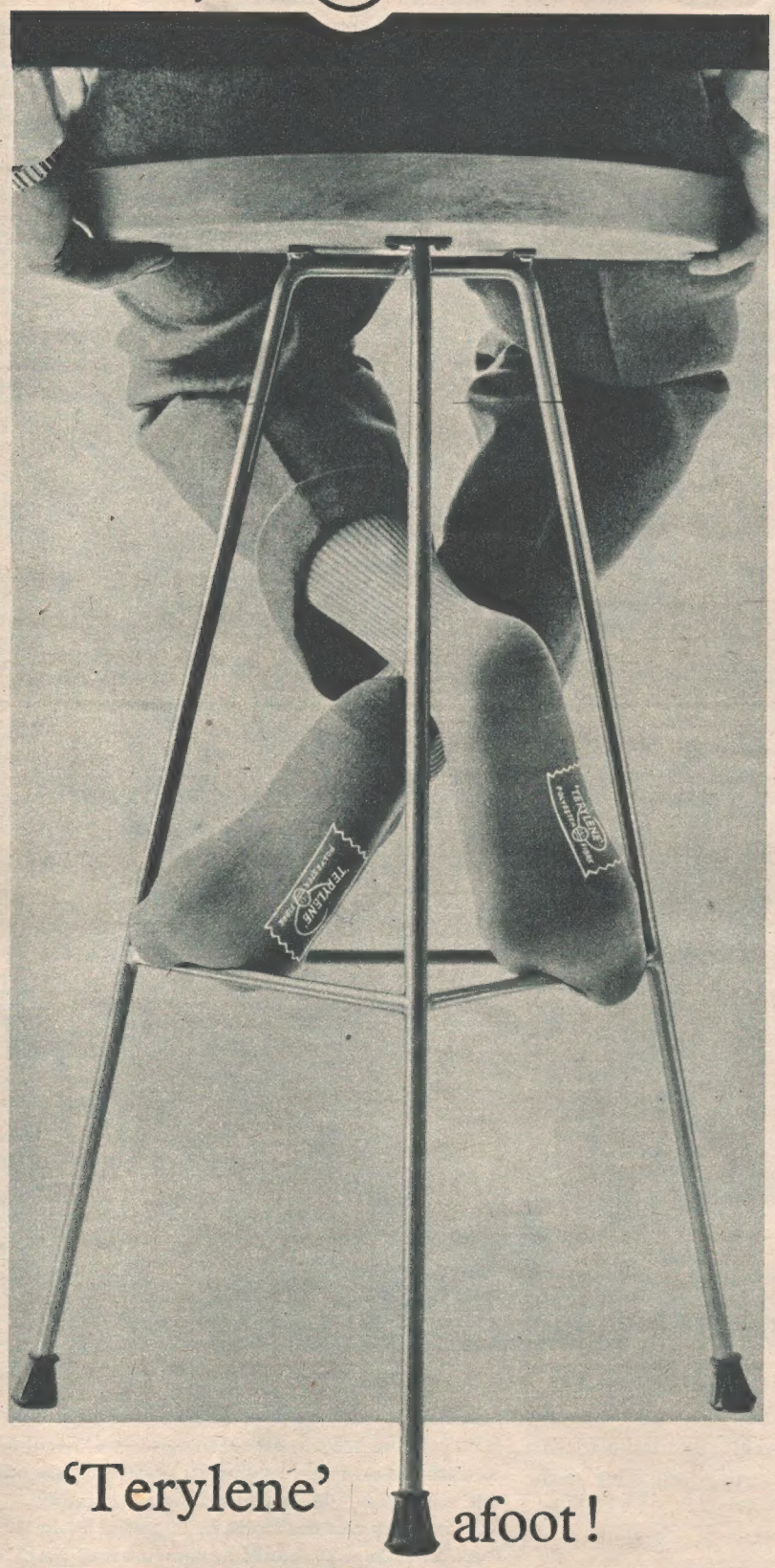
'THE BOOK OF THE HAIR' *Send for this authoritative 36-page book about the growth and care of your hair, enclosing 8d. in stamps to Silvikrin Laboratories, County Building, Honeypot Lane, Stanmore, Middlesex.*

Pure Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

SILVIKRIN HAIR TONIC, SILVIKRIN HAIR DRESSING, SILVIKRIN HAIR CREAM AND SILVIKRIN SHAMPOOS ALL CONTAIN A MEASURED PROPORTION OF PURE SILVIKRIN.

'TERYLENE'
ICI
Polyester Fibre



'Terylene' afoot!

It's a genial fact that 'Terylene' socks look as good and feel as pleasant as conventional socks — some think more so — yet keep their shape and original size through countless washings; dry swiftly; scorn darning. Such courteous behaviour gives you *terylenity:* the calm assurance of the well-socked man.

terylenity ahead!

100% spun 'Terylene' socks — ask for your size; and the new 'Stretch' 'Terylene' socks — they stretch to fit you snugly. Mention your usual size.

'Terylene' is the trademark for the polyester fibre made by Imperial Chemical Industries Limited.

TE107 IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

directory. You are asked to send the goods back if you don't want them at the price quoted.

Since the organizations are usually of the charitable type, one is often prompted by conscience to buy material against a normal inclination not to do so. I feel that this form of business should be against the law.—E. J. ADKINS, Arnold Street, Huddersfield.

"People are not obliged to send back goods they have not asked for, and it is up to the sender to collect them," says a lawyer. "But the recipient of the goods could not legally use them, for this would make him liable to pay for them."

Prophet Without Honour

Your article about Peter Hurkos ("The Man With The X-ray Mind," JOHN BULL, September 1) reminded me of an incident which occurred in my son's regiment during the war in Burma.

One of the men, a Sikh, was found to possess a sixth sense and for a time was a source of amusement to the officers. He foretold, accurately, that a son would be born to one officer whose wife was in England, and he gave the exact date and time. Several more of his prophecies came true, but the climax was reached when he told a party going on patrol that they would be ambushed, and only a certain number would return. This proved true, too. But it was beginning to be too much of a good thing, so the man was sent home to India.—MRS. A. P., Fleet, Hampshire.

Modern Touch

I have come to the conclusion that modern living makes human beings unfit to endure silence. On my holiday, whenever I wanted to sit by the seashore and enjoy the lapping of the waves and the cries of seabirds, someone arrived nearby complete with portable radio. Every picnic party seemed to have one and even bathers considered it as necessary as a towel.

When crossing to the Scilly Isles, I saw one passenger produce a radio on the boat. He beamed all round and said, "Time for Mrs. Dale now."—MISS A. W. SCOULLER, Dunoon, Argyll.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Win £100 cash FREE for a title for this week's cover

THE familiar picture on JOHN BULL'S cover is the magazine's weekly shop window—a cheerful, colourful invitation to step inside. And now there is a new attraction—a contest which will brighten those darkening autumn evenings. To the sender of the best cover picture title consisting of not more than eight words, JOHN BULL will award a *free* cash prize of £100.

When you have decided on a title, cut out the small reproduction of the cover printed at the foot of this page, paste it on the right-hand side of a plain postcard and write your title alongside it in BLOCK CAPITAL letters. Add your name and full postal address, then post the card (2d. stamp) to JOHN BULL, No. 4 Cover, 96 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.), to arrive not later than Monday, October 22, 1956.

The prize of £100 will be awarded for the most apt and original title received. Each reader may send one postcard only for this week's contest, and only one title may be written on each postcard. The prize will be shared in the event of a tie. The Editor's decision is final on all matters concerning the competition. Employees of the proprietors of JOHN BULL (also of associated companies) and their families are not allowed to enter.

NEXT WEEK: a great NEW opportunity — win £1,000 FREE for a cover title

THE COVER

HERE'S one place where the harvest never fails. Even when the farmers grumble and the experts sympathize there is always a cornucopia of good things on show at the harvest festival. And the energetic minions in Batchelor's cover will be surprised to learn that, given half a chance and a little polishing, the vegetables they won't eat at school are things of beauty. This is one of the year's happiest celebrations . . . though it's doubtful whether the minister will be so pleased about it when he learns that those apples were scrumped from his garden.

Enjoy another packet of **CAPSTAN**

SMOOTHER . . . FINER FLAVOUR

the things they say!

I don't like "Big Business".

Why? Just because it's big — and successful?

No, because of the amount of economic power it wields. Take I.C.I., I feel there should be some control over their production, and over the way they spend their profits — and over their prices, too.

What would be gained by that?

Well, we could then be sure that I.C.I. was working for the common good.

But I.C.I.'s prices are already remarkably low, all things considered. Most goods today cost more than three times as much as they did pre-war but, on average, I.C.I.'s prices have only about doubled during that period.

Let's forget I.C.I.'s prices. We could step up their production.

In the last nine years, I.C.I.'s manufacturing capacity has been *doubled.*

All right, but what about the public getting a share of their profits?

That part of I.C.I.'s profits which it distributes as dividends is shared among 250,000 stockholders and over 80,000 I.C.I. employees — quite a fair number of British people. A great deal is ploughed back — into more production — which means more exports, more jobs, more wealth for the country.

M

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

THE REVENGE

Yes, Dr. Adversane knew how to treat this patient . . . a man he hated

by GERALD BULLETT

The stage was set for his private tragedy. But first he talked to Judith . . .

ILLUSTRATED BY WYLES

He had often, in his professional capacity, provided a dish of smooth platitudes for patients who resented growing old; but this evening, as he turned in at his club, the burden of his sixty-three years lay heavy upon him.

The club was nowadays his inevitable evening resort. He did not wish for company, but still less did he wish to be alone; alone with his brooding thoughts, his sense of defeat, which success in his profession, being taken for granted, failed to alleviate.

Accustomed to deference, he no longer took pleasure in it. He had a numerous acquaintance, among colleagues and fellow clubmen, but no close friends. The failure of his marriage, seven years ago, had left no visible mark: it had been a point of pride with him to appear serenely unconcerned when the divorce became public knowledge.

"Good evening, sir," said the hall porter.

"Good evening, Horace. Any letters or messages?"

"Not today, sir, thank you, sir."

The door swung open behind him. A gentle

and ingratiating voice said at his elbow: "Good evening, Doctor."

Startled, disbelieving his ears, John Adversane turned quickly. His first emotion, sheer wonder at the fellow's audacity, was succeeded by a spasm of anger; but the habit of civilized self-control, and still more, a self-protective instinct, prevented his giving vent to it.

"Ah! Mr. Ludlow, isn't it?"

Cyril Ludlow. His enemy. The man in possession. Still damnably young and debonair, as well he might be, having gaily helped himself to another man's wife and presumably, all too presumably, found happiness with her. A slim, lithe figure, boyish blue eyes radiant with good will, copious light brown hair, and the synthetic teeth-displaying smile of a matinée idol. In short, Mother's Darling and the answer to a maiden's prayer. Bile rose in Adversane's throat.

"What a pleasure!" said Ludlow. "It's years since we met."

"The pleasure, if any, is yours," returned Adversane. "What, if I may ask, are you doing here?"

He realized, too late, that he had blundered. By asking a question that invited conversation he had made it possible for the fellow to ignore the preceding snub.

"Didn't you know?" said Ludlow. "I'm a new member."

"No, I didn't know," said Adversane curtly, and with no further comment turned away and strode off in the direction of the bar.

First my wife, and now my club. I shall have to resign, he told himself bitterly.

Having exchanged perfunctory greetings with the two or three acquaintances disposed about the room, he ordered a double whisky, swallowed it quickly and, repeating his order, carried himself and his glass to a remote corner. There, sitting in a deep chair, he sat staring at his thoughts.

They were not, though bitterness and anger predominated, all of one colour. There came floating into his mind a pompous four-line epigram with which, seven years ago, he had been pleased to torment himself:

Bereaved of beauty, traitor'd by my friend,
Of loving kindness I will make an end.
And yet, on gall and wormwood though I sup,
A loathly sweetness lingers in the cup.

It was true. Mingling with his distaste for this encounter was a perverse fascination, an excited curiosity. This Ludlow, damn him, was a link with Judith, whose image, endowed with the additional magic of distance, Adversane had never quite succeeded in forgetting. The sight of him, though hateful, had brought her nearer, had even established a sort of shadowy contact with her.

"Hallo again," said Cyril Ludlow. "Do you mind if I join you, John?"

Adversane lifted his head and stared, enjoying the hatred that consumed him. Taking the silence for consent, Ludlow pulled up a chair and sat down, nursing his glass.

"I do hope there are no hard feelings," he said cheerfully. "None on our side, I assure you. After all, it's a long time ago."

Adversane smiled. This blindness, this exquisite self-complacency, both maddened and delighted him. He knew now, suddenly, what he must do; and Ludlow's mixture of impudent charm and unbelievable obtuseness would make it both easy and pleasurable.

"We often speak of you, you know, Judith and I, and of the good times we used to have together. She's always been sorry that we lost touch."

"Indeed?" said Adversane. "And how is Mrs. Ludlow?"

Ludlow's statement, preposterous though it seemed, came as no surprise to him. It was consistent with his and Judith's attitude throughout. Magnanimously, they bore him no malice for the injury they had done him. So, as soon as the decree was made absolute, they had begun making overtures of continuing friendship and, undaunted by his obdurate silence, had persisted in sending him a Christmas card every year.

"We are happy," they said in effect, "so why shouldn't you be? We like you, we admire you, we miss you. We like you, dear John, and we know you like us. And since we're all nice, sensible, modern people, what's to hinder our getting together and carrying on from where—because of the stuffy old legal nonsense—we left off?"

It had taken the Ludlows a long time to realize that they were making no headway with him. And now:

"Those wonderful evenings at your house," said Ludlow. "The glorious talks we had. I've never forgotten them. Nor has Judith, I promise you."

"How very kind of her," said Adversane.

THE irony was palpable, but Ludlow seemed impervious to it. "We're living in the country now. Maidenbridge. An hour's run from Waterloo. So much better for the little boy, we thought. And quite near enough to Fleet Street, now that I'm freelancing again."

"I'm delighted to hear it," said Adversane. "I should hate you to be put to any inconvenience."

Ludlow laughed. "I'm sure you would, my dear John. Forgive me for being so garrulous. It's the excitement of meeting you again. Now tell me your news," he added hopefully.

It suited Adversane's purpose very well that his sarcasm should have been misinterpreted (wilfully, he supposed) as genial banter. It both added a fine edge to his malice and at the same time ensured that that malice would not be detected. To make doubly sure, however, he instantly decided on a change of tone.

"*My* news?" he said mildly. "There isn't any. . . ."

"Excuse me, Dr. Adversane." It was Horace the hall porter. "You're wanted on the telephone, sir. Number three box."

Stopping only to finish his whisky, Adversane rose and left the room, obscurely glad of the interruption. He shut himself in the tall narrow box. He lifted the receiver.

"Yes? Dr. Adversane here."

"Hallo, John!" said a woman's voice: shy, soft, a little breathless.

His nerves tingling, his mind consciously savouring the drama of this moment, he inquired coldly: "Who is speaking?"

"Don't you know? Can't you guess? It's me, Judith."

"Judith? Ah, yes. Judith. Good evening."

"How nice to hear your voice, John, after this long time."

The warm tones caressed him. She seemed suddenly very near. In the cadence of her speech, subtle and elusive as a scent, was the distilled essence of a hundred bitter-sweet memories. His underlip curled sardonically, resisting the assault. He made no answer. He stood listening self-applaudingly to his own silence.

"John! Are you still there?"

"I am still here."

"Cyril rang me up just now to tell me the news."

"Indeed? What news would that be?"

"Don't be difficult, John. About having met you, of course. I'm so envious." She seemed to pause for an answer; then, getting none, suddenly said: "I say, John!"

"Yes?"

"Will you do something for me?"

"Perhaps. What is it?"

"Come and have dinner with us one evening. It would be such a pleasure for both of us. And young Dickie, too. You'll like Dickie; he's just your style. . . . Don't say 'No.' Think it over. Sleep on it. That's what you always used to tell me."

With the effect of deliberately changing the subject, so as to fend off a refusal, she added: "How do you think Cyril is looking?"

"That is a point," said Adversane, "to which I have given no thought."

"I'm rather worried about him. He's been having mysterious pains lately."

Has he indeed? Excellent. Death, then, will be a happy release. "Have you taken medical advice?" Adversane politely inquired.

"Yes, of course. Gastric something or other, the doctor says." *Better and better*, thought Adversane. *Nothing could be more convenient.* "But never mind that," said Judith, hurrying on. "I mustn't make you talk shop. I say, John!" The childish locution, so characteristic of her, so well remembered, made his heart turn over. "Are you free by any chance tomorrow? Do come. We can give you a bed."

"So kind," said Adversane.

"Do you mean that? Or are you being sarcastic?"

He saw exactly how it was, he thought to

Judith rushed into his room. "Thank God you're awake!" she said. "Do come, please! It's Cyril. He's taken bad again . . ."

himself. It was not enough that she had betrayed him and got what she wanted, a husband of her own age, and a child: it was necessary also to her comfort that she should feel good about it, and this could be achieved by securing his, Adversane's, friendly acquiescence.

This has been her idea, and Ludlow's, from the very first. The discarded husband was to be the elderly, benevolent spectator of their married bliss.

But no. He knew a trick worth two of that. "I shall of course be delighted to come, Mrs. Ludlow," said Adversane.

His tone was urbane. His "Mrs. Ludlow" passed for playful. But the quality of his smile, as he replaced the receiver, told a very different story.

He returned to where Cyril Ludlow, nervously hopeful for the success of his stratagem, sat waiting for him.

"That was Judith on the phone, as no doubt you've guessed. She was so kind as to invite me to visit you at Maidenbridge tomorrow evening."

Eager, puppy-like, tail wagging, "And will you?" said Ludlow. "I do hope you will."

In that other life Adversane had been fond of Cyril Ludlow, had enjoyed his conversation, shared his appetite for ideas, and basked in his unconcealed admiration of John Adversane. In those days their disparity in age had seemed of less than no account. But though he was the same Cyril Ludlow, surprisingly little changed, in this moment his very virtues were additional matters of offence.

That act of treachery had transformed him, for Adversane, into a monster of duplicity and cunning, unfit to live. Yet not so much a monster as a spoiled child who, having got everything he wanted, was eager to be friends again.

Worst of all, even after a lapse of seven years he was hatefully, insolently young; *and I,* thought Adversane, *I am a tired old man, cast for the rôle of complaisant cuckold. They think me harmless, amiable, someone they can afford to be kind to. Well, we shall see. . . .*

Arriving by car, a little before seven o'clock, he had no difficulty in identifying the house: Ludlow's instructions had been admirably precise, as was to have been expected of so capable a journalist. Mellow and well-proportioned, its white stone brilliant in the evening sunlight, it stood well back from the road, half hidden by flowering trees. He turned his car into the drive; then, with twenty-five yards still to go, stopped and got out, moved by a sudden impulse to postpone, if only by a minute or two, the ordeal that lay ahead.

An ordeal it would be. The prospect of seeing Judith again, actual, in the flesh, was intolerably exciting; but that excitement, he told himself sternly, was utterly irrelevant to his purpose and must on no account be allowed to distract him from it. What he had set himself to do was not going to be easy. He had a choice of weapons packed away in his suitcase, but for an opportunity to use them he must rely partly on luck. The cocktails? No. That, even if it could be contrived, would be premature.

And, moreover, much too crude. A subtler and more pleasing method would be a lethal injection, given either by stealth or under cover of administering medical treatment. He must be genial and friendly, with just that touch of characteristic irony that would be expected of him. And, above all, he must be alert, watching his chance. Once the deed was done, nothing would matter. He had nothing to lose but his savourless, unwanted life, and his own exit could be easily arranged. It would be enough to know, before he said goodbye to the world, that Cyril Ludlow was no longer in it.

He walked slowly towards the house, accompanied by his chattering thoughts. They had the effect of surrounding him, walling him in, so that when, arriving at the front door, he glanced back at the smooth, tree-enclosed lawn, patterned with sunlight and shadow, he was momentarily astonished at finding himself in this place, or indeed in any place. Not merely this scene, but the whole visible world, the sky above him and the earth he stood on, seemed suddenly unreal, artificial, a stage set designed for the accommodation of his private tragedy.

Tut, he said to himself, *this will never do; the most important thing of all is to keep calm.* But when, turning again towards the house, he saw the door open and a woman, a young, blonde woman, waiting, all smiles, to receive him, he felt like an actor who has forgotten his words.

"John! Is it really you? How nice to see you!"

"Thank you. How do you do?" said Adversane. "I was admiring your garden. Charming. Most charming."

"Yes, isn't it? It's all Cyril's doing. It was a wilderness four years ago. But do come in: he'll be so delighted."

Aware of her intent scrutiny, he avoided meeting it. To see her, to hear her voice again, to have touched her hand, put her actuality beyond doubt. It was a strange experience, undeniably interesting; yet in this first moment he suffered a sense almost of anticlimax. That she was visibly older did not matter, except that it contradicted his stubborn, irrational imagining. She was still comely, she was still Judith, but with a difference, a subtle difference, for which, as he now realized, he had been unprepared.

"I hope you brought pyjamas and a toothbrush," said Judith, glancing at his empty hands. "You're staying the night, aren't you?"

Possibly. Possibly not. He was not yet ready for that question.

"I've left my case in the car. No hurry about it."

He followed her into the house and into a pleasant, square, tall-windowed room, where Cyril

Continued on page 41

BRITISH FIELD AND TRACK ATHLETES HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES CHAMPIONS IN THEIR OWN RIGHT. BUT THEY ARE UNDE

Thelma Hopkins, high jump

Pirie, 5,000 and 10,000 metres

June Paul, 100 and 200 metres

Sando and Norris, 10,000 metres

What can we win at the Olympics?

by JOHN SANDILANDS

Experts give Britain's athletes a chance of six Gold Medals at Melbourne. But they remember the painful lessons of 1952

British athletes have not won a Gold Medal for twenty years. At Helsinki Sheila Lerwill, right, missed first place in the high jump by only ¾ in.

IN June this year 250 American athletes met at the Coliseum stadium, Los Angeles, for the final trials to decide the United States team for the 1956 Olympic Games track and field events.

The meeting began auspiciously. In the 100 metres sprint a lean, twenty-year-old Texan called Bobby Morrow equalled the existing Olympic record; in the 200 metres he beat it by a tenth of a second.

In the 400 metres hurdles a U.S. marine called Josh Culbreath equalled the world's previous best time—and came in third to Glenn Davis, a young university student who had lowered the mark by almost a second.

In the high jump a young Negro in green kangaroo-skin track shoes scaled the acknowledged Everest of athletics. Nineteen-year-old Charlie Dumas soared over the bar at a measured height of a little more than seven feet.

At the end of the two-day event fifty-three athletes had been selected for the Games, which open in Melbourne in November, and in the process of elimination three world records had been broken and another equalled.

"That meeting," says a British observer, "was little more than a warm-up for the Games themselves. It was a clear pointer to the Great Britain team that there is no room at all for complacency about the kind of competition it is going to meet."

As a further safeguard against over-confidence, the forty men and eleven women athletes who leave Britain for Melbourne take with them the knowledge that this country has not won an Olympic Gold Medal on the track since 1936. Also, that yet another awe-inspiring opponent is now in the field against them for the first time in full strength.

The Russians, caught only half prepared by the 1952 Olympics in Helsinki, have since brought the full weight of state assistance to the problem of athletic superiority, and now stand as the greatest single rival to the carefully nurtured supermen of the United States.

"It would be foolish to pretend that the odds are not formidable," says a member of the Amateur Athletic Association. "Fortunately we

NO DELUSIONS ABOUT THE TASK AHEAD OF THEM

Ron Clark, marathon

The relay team that has beaten a world record. From left : June Paul, Heather Armitage, Ann Pashley and Sheila Hoskin

Ibbotson (left) has been chosen for the 5,000 metres ; Wood will run the 1,500

Eric Shirley, steeplechase

have not stood still ourselves in the last four years. If Britain's current assortment of clerks, salesmen, students, housewives and a television interviewer had done their present times at Helsinki we would have emerged with at least seven Gold Medals."

Since those games, Derek Johnson in the 800 metres, Brian Hewson and Ken Wood in the 1,500 metres, Gordon Pirie, Derek Ibbotson and Christopher Chataway in the 5,000 metres, and John Disley in the steeplechase, have all bettered existing Olympic times.

In the middle and long distance events twelve of our fifteen representatives are ranked among the best in the world at their distance—a selection which no other country equals. On paper it is here that our greatest strength lies, but the difference between theory and practice in the savagely competitive atmosphere of international athletics is constantly being underlined.

At the White City on the night of September 12 this year, two of Britain's greatest hopes, Pirie and Chataway, met over 1,500 metres in what was regarded by the huge crowd, drawn by the clash, as a two-man race. Officials at the track-side looked concerned as an almost unknown East German runner, Klaus Richtzenhain, beat them both to win the event.

"In an Olympics year there are very few outsiders," says Frank Sando, who won a hard-fought 3,000 metres that night. "The boost of the Games seems to turn even average athletes into champions."

In spite of the chilling strength of the opposition, expert opinion gives Great Britain a reasonable chance of six of the thirty-three Gold Medals awarded in the track and field competition. "After the disappointments of Helsinki, when our representation looked just as strong, no one could be dogmatic," says a team official. "But it seems a fair estimate on our performances since."

The sprints, by common consent, are regarded as a wholly American preserve. Observers in the United States rate Bobby Morrow as the likeliest since Jesse Owens to annex the fabulous double of the 100 and 200 metres.

Morrow's time for the 100 metres at the Los Angeles meeting has since been surpassed. In Berlin on August 3 an American soldier, Willie Williams, lowered the world record to 10.1 seconds. The following day, Williams's record was equalled by a coloured American, Ira Murchison. The American runner's time is two-tenths of a second ahead of Britain's best by Roy Sandstrom at Budapest in the same month.

At 400 metres America possesses, in Lou Jones, a virtually unbeatable athlete with the two fastest races of all time at this distance to his credit. And at 800 metres even the excellent performances of Derek Johnson compare unfavourably with those of the record-holding Belgian, Roger Moens, and the American trio, Courtney, Sowell and Spurrier.

The 1,500 metres will see the greatest field of runners ever assembled, with at least six sub-four-minute milers, including Brian Hewson, taking part.

In Ken Wood, the bespectacled Sheffield paint salesman, however, Britain has a runner with the speed, tactical sense and fighting spirit to

THE KIND OF OVERSEAS COMPETITION THAT WILL BE MET AT MELBOURNE

Maria Itkina, Russian sprinter

Charlie Dumas U.S. high-jumper

Glenn Davis, world record hurdler

Tamara Tishkyevich, Russia's sixteen-stone shot putter

Landy, world record miler

HOW TO BUY FURNITURE

DRESSING TABLE 2633 £17 . 11s. 0d.; CHEST 2001 £18 . 10s. 3d.;
STOOL 9102 £2 . 18s. 6d.; BEDSIDE CABINET 9007 £7 . 16s. 0d.;
BEDSTEAD 3032 £8 . 15s. 3d. All veneered in oak.

Where will you hang all your clothes?
How many drawers do you want for linen?
Work these things out.
Choose the pieces that meet your requirements.

And then

Look at the back. Just one glance will tell you there's nothing skimped about Meredew. It's light and easy to handle, but it's solid and strong throughout . . . it's built to last.

Sit at a Meredew dressing table and look into the mirror. See how evenly it reflects—not the slightest hint of a blemish anywhere. Meredew ensure that quality—and that it is a lasting quality—by having their own mirrors made for them by a special process.

Swing open the door of a Meredew wardrobe. Feel how firmly the whole piece is built . . . how solidly it stands on the floor. Look right inside and see how well and sensibly it's fitted—and with every wardrobe there is a choice of fittings to suit your taste and needs.

Write for your copy free to: Dept.(G) D. Meredew Limited, Letchworth, Herts.

HOW TO START

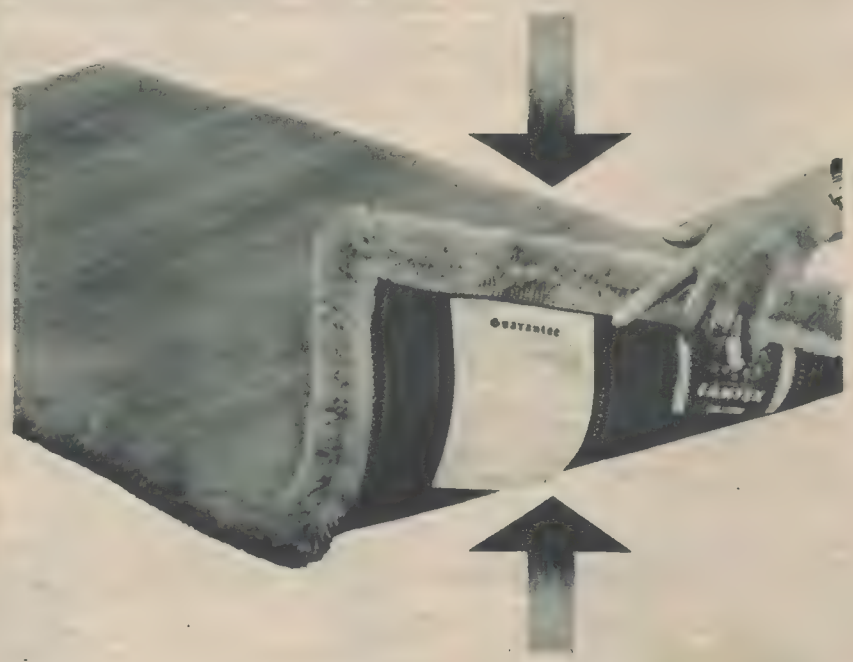
Get this 22-page catalogue. Here is no catalogue of suites, leaving you no option but to buy the whole set to get the piece you really like. Here is a catalogue of individual pieces that you choose separately with no strings attached. Your ideas and your good taste decide the best arrangement for your home, and whether you buy the pieces one or several at a time, you know you can add to your home with another matching piece from the Meredew range whenever you wish. This is the new way of buying furniture, the way that leads to more beautiful rooms, to lovely homes in keeping with today.

MEREDEW FURNITURE

as good as it looks

Meredew Furniture—and only genuine Meredew—carries this sign. It's the hallmark of good furniture.

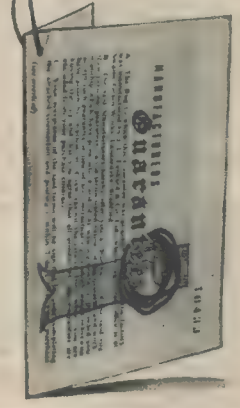
LOOK AND SEE



THERE'S A GUARANTEE

— *A GUARANTEE FOR WEAR*

On the back of every Lamtex rug is stitched the maker's guarantee for wear . . . a guarantee which covers the first three years of the long life of the rug. It is something to have the deepest, the softest and most luxurious of rugs, but it is something more to know that it will retain its luxuriousness and is guaranteed to do so. When buying a rug, buy Lamtex.
Obtainable in 8 colours, 3 shapes and 5 sizes from furnishers, stores and floorcovering shops everywhere.



LAMTEX

DEEP PILE WEAR RESISTING RUGS

J. L. TANKARD & CO. LTD., BRADFORD 4.

A YEAR'S FREE INSURANCE FOR HOUSEHOLDERS

A 'General Accident' Householders' Comprehensive Policy not only protects you against many losses and liabilities every householder faces, but after every five years without a claim you receive one year's insurance free.

HC/27

General Accident

FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE CORPORATION LTD
General Buildings, Perth, Scotland

Please send details of Householders' Bonus Insurance J.B.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

Britain's women sprinters have hopes of a Gold Medal in the relay. June Paul and Sheila Hoskin perform the last change-over

hold off even such opposition as the Australian John Landy, the world's fastest miler, and the highly fancied pair from the state-aided Hungarian stable, Rozsavolgyi and Tabori.

Wood's best time this year of 3 minutes 43.4 seconds lags behind Rozsavolgyi's recent world record of 3 minutes 40.6 seconds, but the true racing calibre of this self-coached athlete was fully demonstrated on a blustery day at the White City last May.

On that occasion, after three uneventful laps, Wood brought the 20,000 crowd to its feet with a scalding 300-yard finishing burst that carried him from seventh place to the lead and a totally unexpected win over both the Hungarian stars and Gordon Pirie.

In the 5,000 metres Britain begins with the advantage of entering Pirie, who set up a new world record at Bergen in June. But it is considered that he will have to improve even on his record time to beat Landy and the Hungarian crack Iharos.

In the same race Chataway will be running at his best distance, and although there is a question mark against his form and state of preparedness this season, this event, forecast as the most exciting of the Games, must be regarded as a likely win for Britain.

At 10,000 metres the presence of Pirie again provides an encouraging boost to prospects of a Gold Medal, in spite of the presence of his old rival Vladimir Kuts among the opposition.

Only a few weeks ago Kuts lowered the record by more than twelve seconds in a race in Moscow. But with runners of the tenacity of Sando and Ken Norris taking part it will be one of the big disappointments of the Games if Britain is not well placed.

The common denominator of Pirie in these two events is highly regarded by the British team. "There is always a chance that any race with Gordon in it could produce a Gold Medal for Britain," says a competitor.

With the 110 and 400 metres hurdles again confined almost solely to the record-breaking American athletes, the only other prospects in the field running events appear to lie in the 3,000 metres steeplechase and the marathon.

In the steeplechase Britain, with John Disley, Eric Shirley and Christopher Brasher, is the only country to have three competitors among the ten fastest at the distance in the world.

This year's best British time of 8 minutes 46.6 seconds, by Disley, however, compares poorly with the unratified world record of 8 minutes 35.6 seconds set up by the Hungarian, Shendor Rozsnyoi. But international observers expect to see the Pole, Jerzy Chromik—who is, in fact, a faster miler and 10,000 metres runner than any of the other potential finalists—first past the tape.

The marathon, which has so often produced a surprise, could go to the British newcomer, twenty-six year old Ron Clark, a London office worker who put up an excellent performance of 2 hours 20 minutes 15.8 seconds to win the Polytechnic marathon this year.

If, however, Zatopek recovers from injury and from political difficulties following his recent criticism of the régime in Czechoslovakia, Clark's chances must diminish.

Even the most optimistic forecasters give Britain little hope in the men's field events. Television viewers were given an indication of the extent of overseas domination recently when Britain's representative, theology student Barclay Palmer, put the shot against the Russian Ovsepjan in a *Sportsview* broadcast from the Earls Court arena, and was outdistanced by feet.

Palmer's best effort during the season, 56 feet 4 inches, is not in the same class as the 62 feet 6¾ inches world record of the American Parry O'Brien. America also has the only other two athletes in the world to exceed 60 feet.

In the javelin, hammer and discus the comparisons are equally unflattering. The British entrant in the hammer, Peter Allday, is acknowledged as technically one of the best performers in the world, but his best throw this year of 195 feet 7 inches must stand against performances like the 217 feet 9½ inches of the seventeen-stone Russian Mikhail Krivonosov.

The inclusion in the team of the former British champion Peter Wells, an emigrant to New Zealand, provides us with at least a competitor in the high jump. But his performances this year have been far short of seven feet.

THE women's events, particularly in the field, are largely dominated by the muscular Russian athletes; sixteen-stone Tamara Tishkyevich has already put the shot more than fifty feet this year. In three of the women's events, however, considered opinion sees our likeliest prospects of Gold Medals.

The sprint relay team of Ann Pashley, Heather Armitage, June Paul and Sheila Hoskin beat the accepted world record in a practice run at Hurlingham recently and, unbeaten since, appears a match for the Russian and German teams which provide the main opposition.

In the high jump Britain has a world-class athlete in the nineteen-year-old medical student, Thelma Hopkins. Described as "temperamentally perfect," she held the world record at 5 feet 8¼ inches until July this year, when it was surpassed by a quarter of an inch by the Rumanian, Iolande Balas.

Also competing in this event for Britain is Dorothy Tyler, the thirty-six year old mother of two children, who will be taking part in her fourth Olympic Games.

Another mother, June Paul, wife of the Olympic fencer, Raymond Paul, has a time for the 200 metres only a tenth of a second outside the best overseas times put up jointly by Maria Itkina of Russia, and Christa Stubnick of Germany, who has been tipped for the sprint double.

In spite of the heavily qualified predictions made about Britain's prospects of Gold Medals, experts agree that this year we can look forward to more useful placings at Melbourne than in any Games since 1936.

"A realistic assessment," says Jack Crump, the British team manager, "is that Britain has potential finalists for most of the Olympic track events, and walkers and marathon men with a good chance of at least reaching the first six."

Although a high premium is placed on Gold Medals in terms of international prestige it is acknowledged within athletics that to finish in the first six in an Olympic event is the highlight of a running career.

For an athlete in an Olympic final to feel certain of first place he must also believe himself immune to such unpredictable hazards as a bad start in the sprints, an outside lane in the 400 metres or a boxed position on the bend in the 800 metres.

According to one international authority: "In the present Games neither Britain nor any of her opponents has a track athlete of a superiority sufficiently clear cut to make such difficulties unimportant."

With this in mind, Britain's team, the fourth largest among the nations attending the Games, has been made large enough to include every athlete with a chance of reaching the first six, and it is a policy which could produce surprises.

The Games, whatever the results, will provide an illuminating contrast between the British and overseas approach to athletics.

Quite the most grimly efficient of the competing nations, Russia will have its team in Melbourne for a three-week acclimatization period before the British team has left this country. Fifty-three strong, the Russians have been chosen from some five million athletes in the U.S.S.R., the final choice being made from the cream of 9,200 competitors in a meeting at Moscow lasting nine days.

Since increased official recognition was given to Russian sport in 1950, competitions have gone on at village, town, city, district, republic and national level with the object of sifting all available talent. Incentives to shine at sport as a means of improving the individual's standard of living have been greatly increased, and observers have noted that successful athletes enjoy amenities equalled only by the bureaucracy.

In America, government aid has been avoided, but the concentration of athletes in universities and the Services has assured them of full and constant coaching and training facilities in the vital pre-Olympic years.

By comparison the British team has approached its task in what appears to be, relatively, a cavalier frame of mind.

Such run-for-fun gestures as that of Derek Ibbotson who, on August Bank Holiday, switched at the last minute from the 5,000 metres to the mile and ran it in less than four minutes; the long delayed preparations of Chris Chataway, and the diffuse activities of Derek Johnson, who has taken part in everything from sprints to cross-country running in his pre-Olympic appearances, will have to stand against the business-like approach of our overseas opponents.

Melbourne, it is said, will be as much a testing ground for the British attitude to sport as for her athletic prowess. THE END

Always in season ...

CLARNICO FRUIT JELLIES

...such delicious flavours

in ½ lb. and 1 lb. boxes
ALSO LOOSE

ALWAYS ASK FOR CLARNICO

Something Fishy

by P. G. WODEHOUSE

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN PHILLIPS

A million dollars! And Bill didn't think twice about it. Jane was worth every cent

LORD UFFENHAM meant to do Bill Hollister a good turn when he knocked him on the head with a stone tobacco jar. He thought that the sight of Bill unconscious on the floor would surely stir the heart of his lovely niece Jane—and so it did. But it also put Bill on the way to losing a million dollars. . . .

Lord Uffenham did not know about the tontine—a scheme that was the brainchild of Mortimer Bayliss.

Nearly thirty years before, Mortimer, art curator to J. J. Bunyan, of New York, had suggested to eleven millionaires that they should salt away fifty thousand dollars apiece in a fund which would go, with interest, to the last of their sons to wed.

The sons were not told—and now there were only two of them left unmarried: Bill Hollister, who still knew nothing about the tontine; and Roscoe Bunyan, who did. Harold Keggs, J. J.'s one-time butler, had told him . . . for a consideration.

Keggs, who had retired, lived in a London suburb. Hard-up Lord Uffenham and Jane lodged at his house.

Roscoe, visiting England with Mortimer Bayliss, was now tenant of Shipley, Lord Uffenham's former home. When he learned about the tontine he acted at once. He hired a private eye, Percy Pilbeam, to steal back his letters to an actress he had promised to marry—and began to nudge Bill towards matrimony.

Now the only fly in Roscoe's ointment was the ten per cent of the tontine that he had signed away to Harold Keggs. He couldn't bear the thought of losing that. It looked like another job for Percy. . . .

PART THREE

"A Bally Burglar, No Less"

THE following Saturday afternoon found Lord Uffenham rather at a loose end. Jane and Bill had gone off to a matinée, and Keggs, summoned to the study for a chat, had excused himself on the ground that he had a number of little things to attend to, which meant, of course, that he was going to get into an armchair and put his feet up and go to sleep.

Left to his own resources, Lord Uffenham read for a while in his *Wonders of the Bird World*, dozed off for half an hour or so, and at five o'clock wandered into the garden for a breath of air.

The first thing he saw there was a snail, and he stood staring at it with an unblinking gaze, his always inquiring mind concentrated on the problem of how snails, handicapped as they are by being without legs, manage, nevertheless, to get from point to point. The one under advisement, though no Roger Bannister, was unmistakably on its way somewhere and moving well, and he sought in vain for an explanation

"Money isn't everything," said Bill. "As a matter of fact, I despise the stuff"

of its mobility. He was still brooding on the mystery, when Mortimer Bayliss appeared.

Mortimer Bayliss, though inclined to be brusque with his fellow men, was not without his softer side, and he had taken a great liking to Lord Uffenham. He wished him well and was sorry that he had to tell him the bad news about those pictures of his at Shipley. A nasty knock it must have been, he felt, for the poor old buster to learn that what he had in his gallery and had hoped to raise money on was not the work of Gainsborough and Constable but of Wilfred Robinson and Sidney Biffen.

When, therefore, a more detailed inspection revealed some quite decent stuff that had been overlooked by the other's ancestors, it was with something of the feeling of a Boy Scout about to do his act of kindness that he climbed into Roscoe's car and drove to Castlewood to bring him the welcome tidings.

"Oh, there you are," he said. "I've been ringing the front door bell, but nothing happened."

"Hey?" said Lord Uffenham, coming out of his trance. "Oh, hullo, Banstead. Ringing, did yer say? Odd Keggs didn't hear yer. Asleep, I suppose. He takes a nap in the afternoon. I've been watching a snail."

"Always watch snails," said Mortimer Bayliss approvingly. "It is the secret of a happy and successful life. Well, I came to tell you that things aren't as bad as I gave you to understand when I saw you at Shipley. Some of those pictures, I find, are all right."

"Worth money?"

"A certain amount."

"Capital! I can do with it. You ever pondered on snails?"

"Only intermittently, if at all."

"I was wondering how they get around. Look at this one. Nipping along like a two-year-old. How does it do it without any legs?"

"Will power, I should imagine. But I'm not an authority."

"Tell yer what. Let's ask Keggs. He'll know. He knows everything."

They went round the corner of the house. Mortimer Bayliss paused to pick a flower. Lord Uffenham, reaching the french windows, halted abruptly, stared, his lips moving in a silent "Lord love a duck!" and came tiptoeing back to his companion, who was putting the flower in his buttonhole.

"Hey!" he whispered.

"Got laryngitis?" asked Mortimer Bayliss.

"No, no laryngitis."

"Then why the low, hoarse voice?"

"I'll tell yer why the low, hoarse voice," said Lord Uffenham, still speaking in that conspiratorial whisper. "There's a burglar in there."

"A burglar?"

"A bally burglar, no less. Keggs is lying on the floor, out like a light, and there's a frightful bounder at the desk, going through his effects."

"What sort of bounder? Big?"

"No, small."

"Then come on," said Mortimer Bayliss, with spirit. There was a spade beside the flower bed in which, on the previous evening, Lord Uffenham, wishing to discipline his figure and get that streamlined effect, had been doing a little

Percy Pilbeam whirled round. There stood Lord Uffenham and Mortimer Bayliss, brandishing a shovel

digging. He drew it out and brandished it like some knight of old waving his battle-axe. "Come on," he said. "Let's go."

And so it came about that Percy Pilbeam, in the act of thrusting into his pocket a manilla envelope marked "In re Roscoe Bunyan, Esq.," experienced once more that unpleasant sensation of feeling his heart leap into his mouth and loosen a front tooth. He had supposed himself to be alone—except for Keggs, who hardly counted—and lo, of a sudden, a voice in his rear, sounding to his sensitive ear like that of Conscience, had shattered the afternoon stillness with a stentorian "Hey!"

He whirled round, hastily gulping his heart down again. There, looming massively inside the french windows, stood the largest man he had ever seen and, accompanying him, a smaller, thinner man holding a substantial spade.

The day was warm, but cold shivers ran down Percy Pilbeam's spine. Gazing upon these twain, he felt that their attitude foreboded violence, and violence, for he was not one of your tough Mike Hammers, was a thing he feared and disliked.

In the hope of easing the situation, he smiled what was intended to be an ingratiating smile, and said: "Oh, hullo."

It had the worst effects. "Hullo to you with knobs on and brass fittings," retorted Lord Uffenham curtly.

Then, turning to Mortimer Bayliss as to one on whose sympathy he knew he could rely, "He grins!" he said. "We catch him burgling the ruddy house, and he *grins*. He says: 'Oh, hullo,' and *grins*. Like a bally Cheshire cat. Have that spade ready, Banstead."

Percy Pilbeam, as if about to have his photograph taken, moistened his lips with the tip of the tongue. His brow was wet with dishonest sweat. "I'm not burgling," he bleated weakly.

LORD UFFENHAM clicked his tongue. "Don't be silly. If yer don't call it burgling to sneak into a feller's sitting-room and lay him out with a blunt instrument and loot his bally desk, there are finer-minded men who do. Don't leave go of the spade, Banstead."

Mortimer Bayliss was bending over the stricken form on the floor, examining it with an experienced eye.

"Not a blunt instrument," he said. "The impression I get is that my old friend has been slipped a knock-out drop. Did you slip him a knock-out drop, blot?"

"Answer the question," thundered Lord Uffenham, as Pilbeam hesitated coyly. "Yes or no?"

"Er—yes."

Lord Uffenham turned to Mr. Bayliss. "You see! A full confession. What shall we do with him? Break him into little bits? Or shall I beetle round to the police station and gather in a constable or two?"

"Let him go, I suggest."

"Let him *go?*

"After a few simple preliminaries. I remember reading a story years ago," said Mortimer Bayliss, adjusting his monocle, "that has always stuck in my mind. It was about a burglar burgling a house, and the owner catches him and holds him up with a gun and makes him take his clothes off and then shows him politely out of the front door. It struck me as an excellent idea."

"An admirable idea," assented Lord Uffenham warmly. "Nothing could be more suitable."

"Good for a laugh, I think."

"Dashed amusing. Very droll. What was it you called this bounder just now?"

"A blot?"

"That's right. Off with your clothes, blot."

Pilbeam shook visibly. "But——"

"Did you say 'But'—?" said Mortimer Bayliss. "Don't say 'But.' We want willing service and selfless co-operation."

Lord Uffenham was musing, a finger to the side of his cheek. "Here's a thought, Banstead. Why not paint him black?"

"Something in that."

"I have plenty of black paint."

"It would look very pretty," Mortimer Bayliss agreed.

"Could I have a drink?" said Percy Pilbeam.

He spoke pleadingly, and Lord Uffenham, though in stern mood, saw no reason why justice should not be tempered with mercy to this small extent. He waved hospitably at the table where the siphon and decanter stood, and Pilbeam tottered to it and poured himself a brimming beaker.

Lord Uffenham, as so often, was in philosophical mood. "Hey!" he said.

"Yes?" said Mortimer Bayliss.

"Know how many people are born every year?"

"I'm afraid I don't. Far too many, of course."

"Thirty-six million. I read it in the paper. Every year there are thirty-six million more people in the world. Makes yer think a bit, that."

"It does indeed."

"Thirty-six million. And half of them probably burglars. Lord love a duck!" said Lord Uffenham, starting like one who has received a sudden inspiration. "Here's another thought, Banstead."

He was about to inform his friend that he had just remembered that he possessed green paint as well as black and to ask him if he did not think that Pilbeam would look better in green—snappier, dressier, better in every way—but at this moment his remarks were interrupted by the receipt between the eyes of two-thirds of a long whisky-and-soda.

It gave him the sensation of having been caught in an explosion at a distillery.

Percy Pilbeam was not brave or beautiful, but he was a young man with plenty of brains, and one capable of thinking quickly in an emergency. He had thought quickly now. In order to drive home his observations on the yearly growth of the world's population, it had been necessary for Lord Uffenham to tap Mortimer Bayliss on the chest, and this had involved moving across the room and leaving the french window open for traffic. To fling his whisky-and-soda in Lord Uffenham's face and run, not walk, to the nearest exit. was with Percy Pilbeam the work of an instant.

The next moment, he was out in the open and gone like the wind.

Riper years and a chronic stiffness of the

Continued on page 44

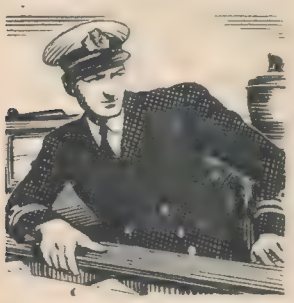
Lord Uffenham was shocked that Keggs—poised, dignified Keggs—should use such language. "What did yer say?" he asked, startled

New Developments in
BRITAIN'S NEW NAVY

THINGS ARE MOVING FAST in the Royal Navy today. Now the cruiser takes on a new task, as the main support for the aircraft carriers in the fast and formidable striking-force called the "battle-group". For this task guided missiles, ship-to-ship and ship-to-air, are now being developed.

Our first experimental Guided Weapon ship, H.M.S. Girdle Ness is now in commission; the first Guided Missile Training School is already providing experts in the new weapons. Four new escort ships of advanced "Daring Class" design have been ordered, and are to be equipped with ship-to-air guided weapons.

An artist's impression of a cruiser equipped with guided weapons.



"All very hush-hush"

"Some of the developments that we're working on now in the Navy are so advanced that, for that very reason, they must remain strictly guarded secrets.

"But this much can be said and ought to be said—if ever there was a time when the Navy needed first-class men for the first-class careers it offers—that time is NOW.

"The new rates of pay, terminal grants and pensions, the new officer-structure, and the many improvements in conditions of service and everyday life, are all very much worth having. But it's only when you're in the Navy that you learn what it is that makes it such a worthwhile life."

"Now we're getting somewhere"

"This new Guided Missile business is going to mean another new branch of the Navy.

"At present I'm a Gunlayer, but I expect I'll be called a 'Guided Weapon Something-or-other' when I've finished the course at the new Training School.

"I feel we're really going somewhere in the Navy, and I'm signing on again. **New higher pay, new 9-year engagements,** new cafeteria system, bunks in ships, and 'Boys' now called Junior Ratings. Change is the word for it all right—and change for the better. No wonder they call it Britain's New Navy." **Everyone who is in a position to advise young people about their careers should write, or tell them to write, for full details to . . .**

THE ADMIRALTY, D.N.R.* (DEPT. JB/2) QUEEN ANNE'S MANSIONS, LONDON, S.W.1.

** For details of entry as a Commissioned Officer write to D.N.R. (Officers).*

A happy, normal Pamela with the man she married after her operation

Healed by the knife in her heart

Pamela Spence's case had looked hopeless. Then a surgeon's scalpel and delicate fingers gave her the chance of a new life

by DON EVERITT

IN 1933, Pamela Spence, then nine years old, had an attack of rheumatic fever which put her in bed for five weeks. She appeared to recover completely and lived a normal, healthy adolescence. In 1947, fourteen years after the illness, a complication of rheumatic fever started slowly to squeeze the life out of her.

At first she suspected nothing. She accepted lightly the breathlessness when she ran for a bus as a sign of growing older. The breathlessness grew worse. One morning on the way to work from her home in Edmonton, she coughed blood. That evening she saw a doctor.

An examination showed that she had mitral stenosis. In the left side of the heart, the mitral valve, shaped something like a bishop's mitre, regulates the flow of purified blood as it comes in from the lungs to be pumped out into the arteries. In Pamela Spence's heart this valve was slowly contracting, depriving her body of oxygenated blood. The doctor told her to take life more easily: he could do nothing more. Mitral stenosis was then incurable.

Pamela, an independent and self-willed young woman, told no one of her illness, not even her parents. She persisted in going dancing and in trying to lead a normal life.

By 1950 she could not walk fifty yards without pausing for breath. An iron collar seemed to tighten round her throat at the slight exertion, and she felt empty and giddy. The haemorrhages from her mouth occurred almost daily. She grew thin and anaemic.

In 1952, Pamela started courting. Some time earlier she had gone to work, part time, as a secretary at a North London hospital: now she heard that surgeons had devised a new operation to cure mitral stenosis. She made an appointment to see the chest surgeon at the hospital.

The heart is one of the last recesses of the body to be explored and treated by surgeons. For centuries a semi-mystical, medieval attitude prevented them even from laying a finger on it. It was commonly held that the slightest touch would stop its beat. "The surgeon who attempted to suture a wound of the heart," said one famous German surgeon in 1883, "would lose the respect of his colleagues."

Although Sir Henry Souttar operated with success on a mitral valve in 1925, several adventurous but unsuccessful operations on the

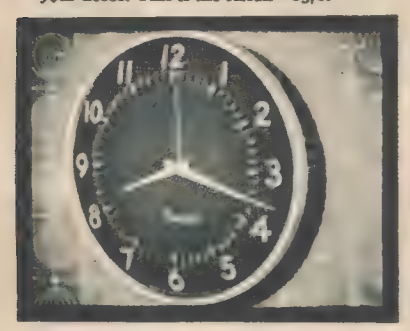
If you want to know the time, ask a WESTCLOX!

FOR YOUR BEDROOM

Westclox make many alarms—and every one looks so nice, calls you so pleasantly, that waking-up is made almost bearable. This is the Spur luminous—32/3.

FOR YOUR MANTELPIECE

They add a bright touch to every room—the neat piece of furniture that superbly finishes your decor. This is the Arran—63/6.



ELECTRIC WESTCLOX

For clocks you never wind—Westclox is the word. On the mantelpiece, on the wall, Westclox electrics are the *last* word. This is the Gay—67/6.

. . . but *you* can ask a Westclox—and trust it to tell you the time, untiringly, always correctly. Westclox are the clocks you can trust.

All over the world, 300 million Westclox are telling the right time at this moment. Alarms, electric clocks, mantelpiece clocks, Westclox make them all—and they're all guaranteed. No better-looking range of clocks exists—yet they only cost from 22/3 to 107/6. *Your* Westclox is in *your* local shop; go and choose it—soon...

WESTCLOX

WESTCLOX LIMITED · STRATHLEVEN · DUMBARTON · SCOTLAND

Oh-oh DRY SCALP!

Look at that scruffy hair! So untidy, dull and lifeless, you can see his hair lacks natural oils. That's Dry Scalp—yet it's so easy to correct.

CHECK DRY SCALP THIS EASY WAY

Here's the easy, sure way to correct Dry Scalp. Every morning, massage a few drops of Vaseline Brand Hair Tonic into your scalp. It takes just 20 seconds.

No spirit or other drying ingredients. Just pure, natural oils that *supplement* natural scalp oils and help starved hair. Soon Dry Scalp is checked. Your hair has that *natural*, well-groomed look, stays handsome and neat.

Good idea to buy a bottle right away.

2/10, or 4/2 for double the quantity

Vaseline* HAIR TONIC

THE DRESSING THAT CHECKS DRY SCALP

* Registered trade mark.

9068-3

heart helped to establish the old-fashioned ideas. It took the last war to prove them wrong.

In 1944 and 1945, Dr. Dwight Harken, an American Army surgeon in England, successfully removed bullets and shell fragments from inside the hearts of fourteen soldiers. From that time heart surgery leaped forward.

Another American, Dr. Alfred Blalock, devised an operation to relieve congenital pulmonary stenosis, the blue-baby condition, in 1945. And on February 16, 1948, a surgeon at Guy's Hospital, London, made history by performing the first successful operation inside the heart for pulmonary stenosis.

Immediately, this surgeon and others in the United States started to work on the much more pressing problem of mitral stenosis. "Mitral stenosis," says the *British Medical Journal*, "accounts for about ten per cent of all cases of organic heart disease." And a British doctor estimates that 250,000 people in Britain are suffering from it.

IN June 1948, two American teams performed successful operations inside the hearts of two patients with mitral stenosis. On September 16 that year, the Guy's Hospital team, working independently, carried out their first mitral valvotomy, as the operation came to be called. It was a success. Since then surgeons have performed the operation on thousands of patients. One of them was Pamela Spence.

Pamela entered hospital for her operation in May 1953. Just before that she and her young man, James Taylor, had become engaged. They had made great plans and had one day set out for the Ideal Home Exhibition to start putting some of them into effect; but when they reached the Underground station, Pamela could go no farther. The effort of crossing the road exhausted her. Their plans would have to wait. . . .

A medical orderly wheeled Pamela into the operating anaesthetics room at 12.15 p.m. on May 19. After she was anaesthetized, the nurses laid her on the operating table with her left side bolstered. The anaesthetist hung a bottle of blood on a stand alongside the table and slid the transfusion needle into a vein in Pamela's arm. Other bottles of blood stood nearby. Massive blood loss can occur in heart operations.

The operation began at 2 p.m. The surgeon sterilized the area around the left breast and made a long incision along the line between the fourth and fifth left ribs. With his two assistants, he cauterized or tied off the bleeding points, then opened the space between the ribs with a pair of retractors. Below, the heart beat in its protective pericardial sac.

Now the anaesthetist partially collapsed the lungs to clear the surgeon's way. The surgeon slit the pericardial sac along its side and held back the resulting flap with tie stitches of silk.

On the side of the heart pulsated the auricular appendage, which, shaped like an ear, leads directly into the left atrium, one of the main chambers. The surgeon put a curved padded clamp across the bottom of the appendage. He then made a slit in it above the clamp just wide enough to take his index finger. What little blood lay in the appendage flowed out. The surgeon examined the inside of the appendage for blood clots, but found none.

He pushed his right index finger in the slit and with his left hand deftly removed the padded clamp. A little blood gushed from the heart in the instant it took the surgeon's finger to block the incision. Now his finger moved inside Pamela's heart.

This critical stage of the operation is done by touch alone. The surgeon quickly found and felt the contracted valve with his fingertip. It was rigid and barely an eighth of an inch wide. It should have measured 1¼ in. He pushed his fingertip firmly at the valve. It split open easily and completely.

Sometimes an especially hard and calcified valve resists even considerable force from the surgeon's finger. On these occasions he has to remove his finger, clamp the appendage and call for a valvulotome. This is a small, thin knife with a long, slender metal handle. With this clipped by a metal ring to his operating finger, the surgeon can control it with his left hand while cutting the hardened sides of the valve. The majority of mitral valvotomies, however, succeed with finger pressure alone.

The surgeon split the valve in Pamela Spence's heart until it returned to its normal size. For a few moments he kept his finger near the valve to check that it worked properly. One minor hazard of the operation is that the valve afterwards fails to close effectively and the blood regurgitates into the atrium. But no such mishap occurred.

The surgeon removed his finger and replaced the clamp across the appendage. The total blood loss from the heart could not have been more than four teaspoonfuls.

Now the surgeon cut off most of the auricular appendage; it serves no vital purpose and might, in fact, harbour clots after the operation. He sewed together the two edges and carefully removed the clamp. There was no leakage. He sewed the pericardial sac, then fitted a rubber tube leading from the cavity around the heart, through a hole in Pamela's side and into a sterile bottle. This would drain any fluid which formed during the first day of her convalescence.

Swiftly the surgeon put the ribs back in place and carefully stitched together the flesh under the left breast. He left the closing of the incision to his assistant, disrobed and washed his hands. It had taken an hour and a half.

That evening, back in the ward, Pamela sat up and greeted her mother and her fiancé. A week later she walked the ward and started exercising up and down the hospital stairs. She progressed so swiftly that it amazed both her and her visitors: this is not uncommon.

In early June Pamela went home. That same month she went on a three-mile walk without the slightest difficulty. Before the operation she had weighed six stones three pounds. Now she put on twenty pounds and none of her clothes would fit her.

She and her fiancé took up their plans again and married in February 1954. Today, thanks to a surgeon's fingertip, she leads a normal life.

Heart surgery has not stopped at mitral valvotomy. Its overwhelming success has provided a solid basis for the surgical treatment of many types of heart defect. Surgeons have corrected faulty channels in the heart and closed abnormal openings between the left and right chambers. They have removed clots and benign tumours. Though not with quite the same measure of success, they have fitted plastic and cartilage baffles into leaking valves to make them work more efficiently.

In Britain and America, operating teams have been searching for a means of enabling surgeons to work on the heart by direct vision and not so much by touch. Artificial hypothermia, the reduction of the body temperature by the use of drugs and ice-packs, has enabled them to stop the circulation and work inside the heart for up to fifteen minutes. But for some operations, especially to stitch up abnormal openings in the heart, this is not long enough.

AT the Postgraduate Medical School, Hammersmith, London, a surgical team has built and used successfully on human beings an artificial heart-lung machine which takes over the functions of both organs during an operation. A cannula inserted in one of the patient's main veins carries his blood through tubing into the machine to be artificially oxygenated and pumped through more tubing and another cannula back into the patient through a main artery. This allows the surgeon to clamp off the heart and operate on it visually.

American surgeons in Minneapolis, operating on children with congenitally deformed hearts, have used, instead of a machine, the heart and lungs of another human being. The surgeons couple up the donor, usually the child's mother, in much the same way as the Hammersmith surgeons connect the heart-lung machine to their patients. The blood of the donor and the patient mixes, and a small pump fitted in the tubing helps the mother's heart to do the work of two. With this technique the Minneapolis operations by direct vision have lasted as long as forty minutes without damage to the patients.

Both the American and British substitute heart operations still present certain problems. Both, however, have enjoyed success and they show spectacular promise.

Little more than a decade ago a person was considered dead if his heart stopped beating. In eight years, surgeons have learned how to stop its beat, empty it of blood, cut it, stitch it, patch it and fill it up again to work like new. It is one of the most remarkable advances in modern surgery. THE END

Power from the Atom

by SIR JOHN COCKCROFT

Next week the Queen opens the first atomic power station in the world. Britain's top nuclear scientist explains how this will affect the life of every home in the country

A Price for Sophia

by PHYLLIS BENTLEY

Schofield Priestley had paid dearly for her hand. Only on his death bed did he tell her whether she had been worth it. . . . A poignant story set in eighteenth century Yorkshire

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY (2) by KENDAL BURT and JAMES LEASOR

Bloodhounds hunt an invisible man

All Britain had been warned of von Werra's escape, and his pursuers were closing in. But now he had them puzzled. He had vanished—on a bare hillside

AFTER dropping off the wall into the meadow, von Werra waited for a moment until he received the pre-arranged verbal signal from one of his comrades. He then ran crouching along the wall to the spot where he was to climb back into the road and cross to the wood on the other side.

He was free! Only a month previously von Werra, a Luftwaffe fighter pilot, had been shot down over Britain. At Grizedale Hall prisoner of war camp, in the Lake District, he planned to escape on an exercise walk along a road outside the camp. During a rest-halt, other prisoners screened him from their accompanying guards and he got over the wall.

The guards did not see him. But two women, nearly half a mile away, did. They ran along the road and waved and shouted to draw the guards' attention to the escaping prisoner. But the other Germans, with great presence of mind, began shouting, whistling and waving to the women—and succeeded in misleading the guards, who thought the women must be waving at the prisoners. They ordered the Germans to stop waving and to march back to camp.

Von Werra faintly heard the cries of the women, but he did not see them immediately as only their heads were showing above the wall. When he spotted the waving handkerchiefs he realized that the women were trying to give him away.

It was a horrible moment. He crouched down waiting for the rifle bullet. He had to fight back an urge to stand up and raise his arms in surrender.

He very nearly did so when the prisoners started shouting and whistling, as this was not at all according to plan, and for a moment he thought they must be signalling that the game was up and that he should surrender to save himself from being shot. But if that were the case, he reasoned, they would call him by name. So he shrank to the smallest possible size, held his breath and waited.

He heard the sergeant shout an order. There was a sound of shuffling feet, the grinding of nailed boots on the gritty road.

They were moving off.

In a flash von Werra realized that the prisoners, all of whom had played a part in the plan and knew that he had escaped, had saved the situation by shouting to the women.

He saw that the women had now stopped waving and were standing close together, a quarter of a mile away, staring at him. One of them was holding a hand over her mouth and

"Where's your identity card?" the Home Guards demanded. The man with the stick fumbled. "I'm sorry. I have forgotten"

ILLUSTRATION BY LAURENT

Hauptmann Pohle, a friend of Goering, played a leading part in helping von Werra to escape

Before he vanished, von Werra was seen on The Pike (right background) by a shepherd. Centre is a "hoggas," the type of hut in which the prisoner sheltered during his trek towards the coast

clutching the arm of her companion with the other. Von Werra was highly amused. Now that the party of prisoners had disappeared round the corner, the women were on a lonely stretch of road with a desperate escaped Nazi whom they had tried to betray. They were too scared to move.

Von Werra stood up cautiously and peered over the wall towards the bend in the road where he had staged his escape. Except for the two women, the road was clear in both directions. He jumped over the wall feeling so happy and excited that he quite forgave them their attempted betrayal, and as he dashed across the road he grinned and waved gaily to them. He squeezed through the thin hazel hedge on the other side of the road, and entered the wood.

The ground rose steeply, and for some distance there was thick undergrowth. As he picked his way through it as quickly and quietly as possible he received the final signal from his comrades marching back to the camp.

It had been arranged that the prisoners would sing one of two marching songs. One song meant that the party had marched three hundred yards without the guards suspecting anything; the other that the escape had been discovered.

The song von Werra heard told him that he had not yet been missed.

He began to move more rapidly, with less concern for stealth. Soon he was clear of the belt of undergrowth and into the pine wood. The trees were tall and their thick trunks provided excellent cover. Round them grew bracken, turning yellow and withering. At first von Werra was glad of the extra concealment it gave, for in places it was breast high. But he soon began to curse it. The ground was so steep that he could not have run even if he had had a clear passage. As it was, he had to scramble through the bracken on all fours, his boots slipping on the stalks. In the silence of the woods, the rustling of the ferns as he groped his way through them sounded like the rattle of gravel tipped off a lorry.

At last he reached the top of the hill, pulse pounding in his temples, chest heaving, leg muscles quivering from the effort. He had climbed four hundred feet since leaving the road. He stood behind a tree and looked back. There was no sign or sound of movement in the wood. There was only the murmur in the treetops, the panting of his heart. There was the scent of the pines, the pungent smell of crushed bracken stalks and the sweet dampness of the earth. And he was Franz von Werra and he was free.

Onwards in a singing exhilaration. Down into a gully, where there was no bracken but a thick, springy carpet of pine needles, up the other side, down a deeper gully with a stream at the bottom of it, up again—and there was his first objective: the western edge of the wood.

He paused there and looked out. As far as the eye could see there was fold after fold of rough, stony moorland, with no sign of life except a couple of crows cawing testily over a gully, and the cry and wing-beat of a distant plover.

Onward!

To the south, along the edge of the wood. No need to consult map or compass yet. During the next hour he skirted the woods that have delightful names—Cicely's Brow, Hob Gill, Low Fell, Higher Thorny Slack, Sale Moss, Green Hows, Ash Slack and Chamley Bank—but to him they were all *the* wood.

At last he reached his second objective, the tip of wood that stuck out like a thumb into the moors. He moved back into the wood a little way till he found a suitable thicket. He crawled into the middle of it and lay down to wait for nightfall. The time by his watch was twenty minutes to five. About two hours before dusk.

He felt very happy. He was breathing hard and his clothes stuck to his body, but he did not feel tired, only terribly thirsty.

An hour later it started to rain. For the next five nights and days it was seldom to cease.

VON WERRA'S comrades were in high spirits when they started back for the camp after the rest period at High Bowkerstead Corner. The guards were taken by surprise when, some distance from the corner, the prisoners burst spontaneously into full-voiced song, for singing on the walks was forbidden.

Then the trouble started. The mounted sergeant shouted, the officer shouted, cleared his throat, and shouted again. He waved his stick. The four leading guards showed signs of uneasiness.

The prisoners started to force the pace, those in front almost pushing the guards along. The repeated orders for the singing to be stopped were ignored. It was obvious that there would be no more such walks, at least for a very long time, and the prisoners were determined to make the most of it. All that mattered was that Oberleutnant von Werra had escaped.

The sergeant rode up and down the column trying to count the prisoners, but they adopted the tactics which had been suggested by von Werra, men moving from one rank to the next and back again, so that it was difficult to determine how many there were. After a word with

The route which von Werra took after his escape at High Bowkerstead Corner. It led him across rivers, moors and hills

the officer, the sergeant rode to the rear of the column and shouted orders to the four guards there, and then at the head of the column to the four guards in front.

He continued a little way ahead, swung his horse round facing the party, drew his revolver and shouted:

"Halt!"

The guards in front of the column turned, spread out a little so that they covered the sides of the column, and stood facing the prisoners with their rifles at the ready. The rearguard also spread out.

The prisoners shuffled to a stop and the singing gave way to sporadic shouting.

The party had reached a point just south of Satterthwaite, about two hundred yards from

Superintendent Brown was in charge of a contingent of police during the hunt for von Werra. Part of the search was directed from Ulverston police station (right)

Sixteen years after . . . John Staples (left) on Hesk Fell, have a drink with Stanley

the telephone kiosk from where the prison camp could be told of the escape.

The officer went down the length of the column counting the prisoners. The count was twenty-three instead of twenty-four. To make sure, the officer and the sergeant counted again, moving from the rear to the head of the column. There could be no doubt about it: one prisoner was missing.

In the consternation, the telephone kiosk was forgotten, and the sergeant was sent back down the road towards High Bowkerstead. The prisoners' cheers as he galloped away were only partly ironic: they were pleased that the phone box had been forgotten, and thus a few more valuable minutes had been gained.

The officer gave the order to march.

PREVIOUSLY, it had been the prisoners who had tried to force the pace; now the reverse happened—the guards stepped out and the prisoners tried to hang back. As soon as the telephone box came into sight, the officer in charge of the party dashed ahead and put through an emergency call to the camp.

About ten minutes later, light trucks from Grizedale Hall began passing the party. Then a lorry halted a hundred yards in front of the column and soldiers with rifles jumped down and surrounded the column.

The officer in charge gave the order:

"At the double!"

Whether they liked it or not, the prisoners ran the remaining distance back to the camp.

Meanwhile, a roll-call had been taken of the Germans at Grizedale Hall. Thus, the authorities were able to determine the names of the twenty-four who were out on the walk before they arrived back. A roll-call-cum-identification parade of the exercise party was made immediately it arrived at the camp. Within a few minutes it was established that the missing prisoner was Oberleutnant Franz von Werra. The police were then notified and given details of his appearance.

Hauptmann Helmut Pohle, who had been in charge of the exercise party on the Germans' side, was hauled off to the camp commandant's office.

That night, the atmosphere in the camp was electric. There was a continuous coming and going of army vehicles and a ringing of telephone bells. The singing of German songs, *Sieg heil!*-ing, the stamping of jackboots on the wooden floorboards, and the clapping of hands went on far into the night.

Lorries, staff cars, Bren-gun carriers and motor-cyclists sped through Satterthwaite. Guards from the camp called on every householder and said that the prisoner who had escaped was a desperate and ruthless Nazi, who would stop at nothing to obtain food, clothing and money. They were asked to lock up such possessions, and women were advised to stay indoors until the man had been captured.

The escape occurred in Lancashire, but the police forces of neighbouring Westmorland, Cumberland and Yorkshire were also alerted. By five thirty that afternoon the whole of the anti-escape machinery had been set in motion.

Police, special constables or Home Guards began to replace the soldiers from the camp who had been sent out immediately to cover strategic points and encircle the area. These troops returned to the camp and were made available for direct search action.

Between five and six o'clock, troops were lined out on the road from High Bowkerstead Corner to the southern end of Bowkerstead Knott, ready to begin beating through the wood. They stood there in the rain waiting for the arrival of a party of police with three bloodhounds, who were being rushed by car from headquarters in Preston. The beat could not begin till the hounds arrived, for fear of spoiling the scent.

The hounds were first taken to the camp and did not arrive at the wood until dusk. By then it had been raining heavily for some time, and the bloodhounds found no scent.

The phone box from which the news was given about von Werra's escape. It was the beginning of a great manhunt

Von Werra disappeared completely for three days and nights. There was never a trace of him. As the days went by more and more police and troops were called in to take part in the search. Altogether, several thousands were involved during the week beginning October 7, 1940.

The B.B.C. reported the escape and gave details of von Werra's appearance in its late evening bulletins on Monday.

On Tuesday, October 8, the national daily newspapers reported the escape. This was the first that Fleet Street had heard of von Werra. They seized on the fact that he was described as having no lobes to his ears. He became dubbed as "the lobeless Nazi pilot." The description was to stick, even when they had promoted him to "Baron."

The police were worried and mystified by his disappearance. A great many wild rumours circulated in the district. The general public thought that Britain might be invaded any day, and there was much talk about saboteurs and fifth columnists.

Ulverston Police Station was used as headquarters for the search operations in Lancashire. Hundreds of telephone messages were received there from residents all over the Lake District and farther afield, reporting that they had seen suspicious-looking characters. Each one of these reports was investigated—and each one proved to have no connection with the escaped German.

Von Werra had vanished.

The camp authorities were able to state categorically that he carried no rucksack or bag with him, and this was confirmed by the evidence of the two women who had seen him dash across the road. Therefore, whatever food he had with him he carried in his pockets. It

and William Youdale, who saw von Werra and Diana Jenner, of the Travellers' Rest

could not have been much; enough to keep him going for two or three days, not more. He had to eat, somehow, somewhere. It was pouring with rain the whole time, and he had neither mackintosh nor overcoat. He would have to take shelter.

But by nightfall on Thursday, the third day after his escape, there was still no trace of him.

The police could not understand how he could have eluded them, in view of the scale and intensity of the hunt. They believed either that someone was harbouring him, or that he was injured as a result of a fall, or dead from exposure.

That evening, they issued a warning to local residents reminding them of the severe penalties for harbouring or helping an escaped prisoner.

But von Werra was not being harboured, nor was he injured. And he was far from dead.

EVEN in the wildest and remotest parts of the Lake District, there are many small stone huts, known as "hoggases," used for storing sheep fodder. They are built in the same manner as fell walls—flat stones piled on top of one another without plaster binding—and usually abut on to them.

Following von Werra's escape, police visited outlying farms and requested that all such buildings be padlocked and specially watched. At night, small patrols of Home Guards visited each "hoggas" in turn, however high up on the fells, in their particular area. In view of the almost continuous rainfall since von Werra escaped, it was believed that sooner or later he was bound to try to shelter in one of these huts.

At about 11 p.m. on Thursday, October 10, two Home Guards were patrolling fells in the Broughton Mills area, only four or five miles from the coast. Both were shepherds. They were searching isolated huts on the moor between the Lickle and Kirby valleys. The older man carried a sporting gun, and the younger had a Colt in a holster at his waist. The latter also had a carbide bicycle lamp fitted with a hinged blackout hood.

It was pitch dark and pouring with rain.

They came to a hut high on the fell overlooking the Lickle valley. The padlocked door had been forced open.

The light from the lamp fell on the white face and hands, and the glittering eyes, of a man standing a few feet from the door. He was clutching a stick.

The man's clothing was dark with dampness and splashed with mud. His boots—the heels were worn down and the toes turned up—looked like a tramp's throw-outs. He was freshly shaven, his face looked thin and drawn.

The Colt's safety catch clicked.

"Where's your identity card?"

The man fumbled in his bulging pockets, but did not produce anything.

"I am sorry. I have forgotten."

"That's what I thought. You are the escaped Nazi prisoner. You are coming with us."

ONE of the Home Guards tied a cord round the man's right wrist, and wound the other end several times round the palm of his own left hand. The other gripped the man's left arm firmly above the elbow.

They set off into the blackness down a steep and slippery hill, the younger Home Guard carrying the lamp in his right hand and gripping the cord with his left.

"Your name's Werra, isn't it?" he asked.

"So? I see you know all about me."

"Hundreds of people have been looking for you."

"I know. I've been watching them. What shall you do with me now?"

"Police. There's police and troops down there on the road."

"So? I'm sorry then, gentlemen, but—I—must—leave you." As he spoke, von Werra pulled his right hand, to which the cord was attached, behind his back, throwing the Home Guard who was holding it off balance. Then, wrenching his left arm free, he struck out at him. The man went sprawling backwards. The lamp fell to the ground and went out. The prisoner jumped out of reach of the other Home Guard and at the same time snatched with all his might with his bound wrist. The cord came free.

The manoeuvre was all over in an instant.

Into the darkness. Back up the hill to the left, where von Werra knew there was a wood. The older man with the useless sporting gun was panting a few feet behind him, but he soon fell away. *He* was not running for his freedom.

Von Werra got away. Half an hour later he was in hiding among some rocks high on the fell. It took him a long time to recover his breath. His head ached and now he really did feel exhausted. From his vantage point he could see the pin-points of light from the hooded headlights of army vehicles on the road in the valley below. Later, several flares were fired in the direction from which he had escaped. They were ineffective owing to the rain. For the moment he was safe, though he must descend and cross that road before daybreak. He sat huddled against a rock, getting what shelter he could. The rain streamed down his face and the back of his neck.

As he watched the flares he chewed an apple. Two nights previously he had found an orchard. Most of the fruit had been picked, but there were still dozens of windfalls on the ground. He had lived on apples since then, and still had some left in his pockets. . . .

It was clear by now that the German was making for the west coast, and that sooner or later he would endeavour to cross the River Duddon into Cumberland.

During the next two days the hunt was intensified and concentrated on the east side of the Duddon Valley, over the wild Dunnerdale Fells. By nightfall on Friday, the day after von Werra had got away from the Home Guards, the whole of the Lancashire side of the valley had been beaten without result.

It was believed that the prisoner must somehow have slipped through the net and crossed the River Duddon. While the east side of the valley is bare, there is a narrow belt of woodland all along the Cumberland side.

From daybreak on Saturday, October 12, the sixth day of von Werra's freedom, police and troops began searching the woods, working south from Stonythwaite. Bloodhounds were used. The searchers reached the road running off west to Eskdale at about 2.30 p.m. No trace of the fugitive had been found, but this was not discouraging as it was believed he might be farther south. The prospects of rounding him up the next day, Sunday, seemed excellent. During the night, the Eskdale road would be guarded in case he attempted to break back into the area already searched.

Superintendent W. S. Brown, in charge of a contingent of police, was waiting in a car at the top of the hill above the Travellers' Rest Inn when the searchers reached that point. After consulting with Lieutenant Blackburn, in charge of the party of about seventy troops from Ulverston, he agreed to call off the hunt for that day. At twenty minutes to three the searchers moved off down the hill to the Travellers' Rest for a much-needed "quick one" before closing time.

While they were drinking their pints, shouts were heard coming from the top of the hill.

A man on Bleak Haw, three hundred and fifty feet above the road, was making beckoning sweeps with his right arm and cupping his left hand to his mouth.

"Tally-ho! Tally-ho!" he shouted, in the curiously high-pitched but far-carrying voice of

Continued on page 59

Von Werra was described by Britons who met him as perky, cheerful, and "a delightful personality with a twinkle in his eye"

Keith Crump had to do his duty—even if the world accused him of murder

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD

by NICHOLAS MONSARRAT

ILLUSTRATED BY K. J. PETTS

CRISIS was mounting in the island of Pharamaul. Rumour was running through the native town of Gamate like a rabid dog, leaving in its train hysteria, convulsive fear and fleeting, unreasonable joy. There was wild talk about the chief's marriage. And corrupt men were waiting to seize their opportunity, pledging themselves in sinister rituals to kill every white man in the country. . . .

The young chief, Dinamaula, was the cause of the crisis. Just back from Oxford, eager, idealistic, he was impatient to take over from the regents governing the Maula tribe—and impatient, too, of British authority.

Dinamaula was easy meat for the unscrupulous British newspaperman, Tulbach Browne—who wanted headline stories, and didn't care how he got them. Browne egged Dinamaula on—and knew he had got a scoop when the young chief told him that he would like to marry a white girl.

Browne's story on this did everything he had hoped it would. It threw the Maulas into an uproar. . . . And it brought pressmen, eccentrics and publicity seekers—men like Father Hawthorne—flooding into the colony to harry the embarrassed authorities.

After his startling statement, Dinamaula disappeared into the hinterland—visiting cattle posts. His absence added to the worries of Andrew Macmillan, resident commissioner in Gamate. Macmillan knew how quickly the Maulas could become murdering, looting savages. He feared such an outbreak now. . . .

The gravity of the situation was not so apparent down in Port Victoria, the island's capital. But it was still a time of strain for the governor, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, and for his staff—Aidan Purves-Brownrigg, young David Bracken, Nicole Steuart and the others who made up the secretariat.

It was against this background of anxiety and danger that David and Nicole had fallen in love. And it was against this background that the

For a moment, David and Nicole were alone. "Will you marry me?" he asked. It was as easy as that

The headlights,

work of the secretariat—and the formal, ceremonial life of Government House—was now going on. .

PART FOUR

A Brilliant Début

DAVID BRACKEN, roaring with laughter, paused long enough to ask: "But what happens? We can't fill a whole afternoon just by staring at each other and eating ice cream."

"Well, it's a garden party," answered Aidan Purves-Brownrigg. He sat back in his chair, immaculate and cool, pleased with his audience—David—and the happy choice of phrase which had set the latter laughing.

"They all arrive, bang on time, at four o'clock. Naturally, the diplomatic corps have the private entrée."

"Huh?" queried David.

"They slip in by the side door. There aren't many of them, as you know: the South African consul, the French commercial counsellor—the honorary representative for Poland."

"Which Poland is that?" asked David, interested.

"Impossible to say," said Aidan. "He's been here since 1906. . . . They're all dressed up, of

the flickering fire and the flashlights lit up a menacing scene. . . . A Maula child lay on the ground in the ungainly stillness of death

course. You'll see one or two frock coats, *école de* Edward the Seventh. Then there's the town council, in a body. They wear chains, like slaves. Then there's everyone else, mostly in flannels and blazers."

"How long does it go on for?"

"About three hours. The band plays its ten tunes, including 'A Life On The Ocean Wave'—so appropriate. People walk about, the old gentleman shakes hands, the local debs are presented. First the tea runs out, then the ice cream, then the lemonade, then the guests."

The social secretary, tremendous in flowered chiffon and a cartwheel hat, poked her head round the door.

"The first guests will be here in less than an hour," she said. She made it sound like an imminent, catastrophic annunciation. "Among them will be the press. All those *new* names. . . . Of course, I sent them all cards, but I don't know them from Adam. Who is to introduce them to His Excellency?"

"Just let them filter through," said Aidan flippantly. "Like the tide coming in."

"Mr. Purves-Brownrigg!" said the social secretary. "You can't be serious."

"I know most of them by sight," said David. "I'll lead them up, if you like. . . ."

The Spring Garden Party at Government House began promptly, as Aidan had prophesied, and pursued its well-established pattern. At one end of the lawn, under the oak trees, the band played mournful and patriotic airs—the Port Victoria Town Band, nine black men resplendent in frogged hussars' uniforms, commanded by a spectacled conductor whose military shako and blazing epaulettes could not disguise a certain studious terror.

Opposite them the trestle tables, laden with lemonade, tea, ice cream and wilting cucumber sandwiches, attracted an increasing throng. In the centre, under the pillared portico, the governor, in dazzling white uniform topped by a helmet plumed with red and white cock's feathers, held his court. He was supported by Lady Vere-Toombs, whose huge hat, tasselled parasol and *bouffant*, ankle-length lace dress struck all hearts with intimations of social doom.

A receiving line formed automatically. The members of the diplomatic corps were presented, followed by the town councillors, the representatives of the press; and then the season's débutantes, twelve girls in identical powder-blue dresses and long, white gloves, coming forward to curtsy and pass on.

There was over all the wide garden and the static throng a certain leisurely dignity. This was the garden party—formal, dictated by tradition and protocol, and yet appropriate to Pharamaul and the season of the year. The household servants, in their yellow robes, their scarlet tarbooshes, their tasselled sashes of office, moved about also from group to group, serving cooling drinks and sandwiches.

The pattern was the same as always, and yet not quite the same. In one sense, it was just another garden party—possibly the sixtieth, possibly the sixty-fifth, since the function was first inaugurated at the turn of the century. And yet, in another sense, this year's garden party was entirely and disturbingly new. First, there was the situation in Pharamaul, of which no single guest could be unaware. Then there were this year's new people—chiefly the members of the press. . . .

Conspicuous among these were Clandestine Lebourget and Noblesse O'Toole, the photographic team from *Glimpse* magazine. Unusual figures in any surroundings, they were really an extraordinary pair when set against the formal background of a Government House garden party. In deference to this occasion they had abandoned their corduroy slacks in favour of print dresses bought hurriedly and carelessly at one of the Port Victoria stores; they even wore hats, following a tactful hint from the social

Continued on page 50

Dyke Richens's rubber masks turn showpeople into bears and gorillas—or into up-to-date monsters from outer space

Menagerie at his fingertips

by REX GRIZELL

A tail for a mermaid, a mask for a cat—and another variety turn is fitted out with its stage properties

Richens enjoys designing and painting the most fiendish masks. His Theatre Zoo is located in an underground room which was once used by Edward VII for gambling parties

THE directors of the film *Duel In The Jungle* were faced with a problem. The script called for a stampede of African elephants, but the directors knew that African elephants were untrainable, and although a stampede could be started nobody and nothing would stop it at a given place at a given moment. The only solution was to obtain a dozen docile, circus-trained Indian elephants, which would stop at a word of command. But first they would have to be changed into African elephants, which have larger ears and longer tusks.

Dyke Richens, director of Theatre Zoo, Britain's largest specialists in animal costumes and masks of all kinds, solved the film company's problem. He made sets of large ears and larger tusks which could be painlessly and unnoticeably fitted over the Indian elephants' own ears and tusks. With the help of the elephants' trainer the transformation was carried out.

"The stampede was so realistic that some of the technicians fled," says Richens. "But the cameraman stood his ground and got just the pictures the director wanted."

Richens, a slim blue-eyed man of thirty-eight, with a domed forehead and a trim brown beard, claims to be able to supply any animal costume—for one recent modern play he produced costumes representing germs—and in any size. For a floor show he made a mammoth, and for an ice show a tortoise seven feet long, constructed so that it could be invisibly propelled by someone skating beneath the shell.

With headquarters in an underground room once frequently used by Edward VII for gambling parties, Richens includes among his customers film companies, television producers, pantomime, variety and straight theatres, schools, amateur dramatic societies, and commercial firms. One city firm who hired a boat for the firm's annual outing on the Thames asked him to supply three dozen costumes in pairs for employees to impersonate animals entering Noah's Ark. In addition to animal costumes Richens makes animal props. Recent orders have included grass snakes, toads and floating sharks.

People are often vague in what they ask for, says Richens, who is particular about the accuracy of detail and colour in his animals, and often copies them from specimens at the Natural History Museum. One day the property man of a well-known variety theatre asked him

to make a conger eel. Richens sent a lifelike four-foot conger, copied from one at the museum. The property man rang up and asked what on earth he had sent him. Richens told him it was what he had ordered—a conger eel. "That's not what I want. I need one of those eels you see chopped up on plates."

Natural history students at a London University college asked Richens to make a gorilla suit which would be convincing at short range. Richens agreed to try. On the night of a party at the college a student wearing the skin stood near the entrance, with two hands on a broken branch, posed like an exhibit. Two students from a rival college admired the gorilla. "What a marvellous trophy!" said one. "We'll carry that off when we leave the party." Just then the gorilla began to shamble towards them. "I'm told they didn't stop for the party," says Richens.

Encouraged by this success, Richens made another gorilla for a variety performer who wanted to advertise his act. The man put on the skin and entered the cage of a chained pet female gorilla which took a fancy to him and gave him a hug that cracked two of his ribs. The same performer once asked Richens to make him a suit which would be a convincing monster from outer space.

"I turned him into a bright green half-fish, half-beetle seven feet tall. He had himself photographed early one morning climbing out of a canal in Holland. People on their way to work ran away. The pictures appeared in the daily papers and caused a sensation."

Many of the firm's animal costumes and special effects are devised by Richens's partner, Eric Gledhill. He was once an actor, and he discovered his talent for making costumes while playing at the London Palladium some years ago. He shared a dressing-room with a man who was playing the front legs of a horse, and who was disappointed with his costume. Gledhill collected some odd scraps and made a new horse.

"When the property man saw it he offered me twenty pounds for it on the spot," says Gledhill. "I accepted as soon as the words were out of his mouth. Next night he asked me to make three bears and two more horses and I decided there was money in faking animals."

Richens moulds his masks from latex rubber, which, unlike the old-fashioned papier mâché, can be repeatedly washed and disinfected, can have make-up applied in the same way as the skin, and can be packed tightly in boxes without losing shape. Richens makes animal masks for dancing troupes and pantomimes, witch and devil masks, and masks of actual people.

He was recently asked to make one of the painter Toulouse-Lautrec for an exhibition. "I made it from pictures of the man himself," says Richens. "But the customer asked me to change it so that it looked more like José Ferrer, who played the character in the film *Moulin Rouge*." Not long ago he made a mask of Gilbert Harding and put it in the shop window. Harding himself came in and angrily asked him to move it. "It was being exhibited between a mask of the Devil and one of a fiendish Chinese torturer," says Richens.

When making a human mask Richens begins by modelling a clay head of the subject. From this he makes a plaster mould into which he pours the milky white latex rubber.

In warm, dry conditions the latex sets in a layer about one-sixteenth of an inch thick in about one and a half hours. Richens then drains off the surplus latex and leaves the skin to set a little harder before pulling it out. It comes out as a plain white rubber mask, which is treated with special paint.

"One mask is an expensive business," says Richens. "Commercially there's not much profit in it for me unless I can make sixty or more from each mould."

Richens claims that mass production methods are not possible with latex rubber. "It's temperamental stuff. Cold, damp conditions make a job ten times longer than the favourable warm, dry air. Sometimes it takes all night to get one pull from a mould."

Richens's masks are not always used for the purpose for which they are intended. One man walked up and down Piccadilly wearing a mask of the prehistoric Pekin Man, until a policeman warned him that he was creating a disturbance and advised him to take it off.

More than one customer has asked Richens to provide him with a mask that would make an undetectable disguise. One man said his wife had left him. He knew where she worked and wanted a really good disguise so that he could follow her from work and find out where she was living. He had already tried it wearing dark glasses and a large false moustache, but after two hundred yards his wife turned round and said: "What are you following me for, George?" Richens told him he could not make a mask that would stand up to close scrutiny.

Richens's skill in moulding rubber solved a problem for a famous circus which stages a Roman army chariot race. "It's a real race and there are sometimes crashes," says Richens. "The soldiers feel safer in rubber armour than in the metal stuff."

RICHENS and Gledhill founded Theatre Zoo five years ago. During the first two years they often worked unassisted for a hundred hours a week. They have more than trebled the business since the first year and are now assisted by a staff for some of the routine work.

"It's impossible to train people to make properties," says Gledhill. "It's a gift. Every problem is different. You can teach people to make one thing, but they'll be baffled by the next that comes along, unless they have the gift."

A man who wanted to imitate a snake charmer asked Gledhill to make him a snake which would rise from a basket when he played his pipe, and fall back again when he stopped. The man's hands were occupied playing the pipe, and it was not possible to work it electrically in the place where the man was performing. Gledhill drove home with the problem on his mind.

"I suddenly realized I was lost," he says. "I was so intent on the problem that I had strayed eight miles from the route I normally follow every night." The problem was solved pneumatically. The man sat cross-legged in baggy trousers. Gledhill concealed a rubber bulb under one of his legs, with a pipe connected to the snake. When the man pressed his leg on the bulb the snake rose from the basket, and when he released the pressure it fell back.

"It's a gamble whether we make a profit on some of these odd trick properties," says Richens. "Sometimes we make three of them before we find a satisfactory solution. The monster from outer space cost us three times our estimate. But there's a challenge in each of these problems and usually we can't refuse it."

A night club performer asked if Richens could make a palm tree. Richens and Gledhill made it and he liked it. Then the man asked if they could make a monkey that would run up the tree. They said they could, and even agreed to make it run up three times and bring down a coconut each time.

"It was easy enough to make an arrangement of pulleys and wheels so that, by turning a handle, the monkey would run up and down the tree," says Richens. "It was easy enough to tip the coconuts from the top. We could have concealed all the mechanism, but when he asked us to cut the tree in half and still make it work we were beaten."

THE END

Dancing troupes and pantomime managers are Theatre Zoo's best customers. But university students like dressing up, too

Eric Gledhill, who is Richens's partner, and Harold Smith, the "prop" assistant give a hand with the head of a cow and a gorilla body

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Champagne for Miss Walsh

by ***ROBERT HOLMES***

She was beautiful and she was George's secretary. Just the qualifications for a spy! If she enjoyed an expensive night out . . . well, that clinched it

FOR a space of about five seconds there was silence in the lushly carpeted office. It was the sort of silence that follows the explosion of a bomb, the waiting time before the pieces come pattering down and the heart beats again.

Then the chairman of Powers Engineering slid a gold and onyx inkstand—the only article on his enormous leather-topped desk—half an inch to the left. To George Barber's overstrained ears it sounded like a brewer's dray.

"Yes, gentlemen," Stannard said. "You might well look surprised. A traitor. In our midst."

Pringle, the company secretary, found his voice. "You mean sabotage, Mr. Stannard? Communists?"

"Worse!" Stannard said: "Much worse!" He took some papers from a drawer. "Somebody is revealing the amounts of our tenders."

George and Pringle looked at each other. They said nothing. Stannard cleared his throat, slapping the papers on to his desk. "Since last June we've lost three big contracts, worth nearly four million pounds, to E. J. Walker, Ltd."

George said: "Three?"

"We lost the MacAvoy Electric job this morning."

George whistled. "I see what you mean."

"Walker's must have known our tenders to the last penny," Stannard said. "In all three cases their quotes were just that much under ours that they couldn't have been accidental. They must have known our figures, and that means only one thing. There's a traitor in the firm." His face darkened. "And let me tell you, if I get my hands on——"

"Now, Mr. Stannard!" George said. "You know it's not good for you to get excited."

"Blast it, I'm not excited!" Stannard snarled. "I'm roaring mad."

There was a moment's silence. Then Pringle said: "Walker's must be cutting things to the bone."

"Oh, they're not making a fat profit. They might even be losing money," Stannard said. "It's the prestige they get that's important."

"What are we going to do about it?" George asked.

"We've got to find the leak," Stannard said grimly.

Pringle said: "But who would do such a thing?" His voice sounded strained, and, suddenly, George remembered how his mouth had hung open when Stannard had dropped his bombshell.

Did a man's mouth really drop open when he was surprised? Or only when he hoped to look surprised? And was he now imagining that frightened look on Pringle's sallow face?

Stannard had apparently not noticed it. He was carefully piercing a cigar. "How many people knew the amount of our tender?" he asked.

"All of us," George said promptly. "We three."

"I think what Mr. Stannard meant was—er—who outside this office," Pringle said in a cracked voice.

"I did the preparation on all three contracts myself," George said. "Nobody else had access to all the figures."

"How about your secretary?" Stannard said.

"Miss Walsh? Well, naturally, she did the typing," George admitted.

Stannard took the unlighted cigar from his mouth. "You trusted her with them, eh?"

George stiffened. "Of course!"

"Rather unwise of you, if I may say so, Mr. Barber," Pringle murmured.

"You may not say so!" George snapped. "Good God, don't you trust your secretary?"

"No," Pringle said.

George turned to Stannard. "I suppose you——"

"Miss Pemberton has been with me for fourteen years," Stannard said coldly. "I trust her implicitly."

"Well, it doesn't take me fourteen years to judge someone's character." George said flatly.

STANNARD frowned, lighting his cigar. "I'm not saying anything against the girl, George. She may be perfectly trustworthy. But how *well* do you know her?"

Not nearly as well as I'd like to, George told himself fervently. Aloud he said: "Well enough to be sure she wouldn't sell the firm's secrets."

"Let's put it another way. . . ." Stannard paused and eyed a spiral of cigar smoke contemplatively. "How long has she been with you?"

George hesitated. He felt he was being chivvied into a corner. "Oh—six months or so."

Pringle said, to no one in particular, "We lost the first contract in August." He seemed suddenly to be enjoying himself.

"It certainly looks suspicious," Stannard agreed. "You'd better get rid of that girl, George."

George jumped up. "Now look here, sir! You're making a mountain out of a molehill——"

"Four million pounds is no molehill," Stannard said woodenly.

"But it's victimization. It's persecution. Without a shred of evidence, without giving the girl a chance to say anything, you condemn her. 'Sack her,' you say, as if——"

"I didn't say anything about sacking her. Have her moved to some other department."

"But damn it, she's the best secretary I ever had! If I have her moved, she'll think I'm dissatisfied——"

"Believe me, I know just how you feel, George. But this is a matter that directly affects the welfare of the firm. The feelings of individuals——"

"I'm sorry." George shook his head stubbornly. "I'm certain Miss Walsh has had nothing to do with it. However——" he took a deep breath and turned towards the door, "if it will reassure you, I'll make some inquiries about her."

Pringle smirked. His eyes glittered maliciously. "She'll deny it, of course."

George ignored him and walked out. *Pringle's the boy,* he thought.

Pringle had been frightened a few minutes ago, preparing to brazen it out. Then his attitude had altered when he saw that Stannard didn't suspect him.

"Well, I suspect you all right, Pringle," George muttered as he took a lift to the ground floor.

He went in to see Mulliner. The personnel officer looked up in surprise when George loomed over him.

"Well, what's brought you down from the halls of fame?" he said. "Get tired of wading through those carpets?"

"You should be thankful I didn't make you come up," George said.

"Oh, I am." Mulliner pushed his glasses on to his forehead and grinned. "Don't worry—I know my place."

George chuckled and perched on the edge of Mulliner's desk. "Have you got a dossier on

Miss Walsh wasn't fooled by George's attentions. "What is all this about, Mr. Barber?" she asked

ILLUSTRATED BY CHAMBERLAIN

It was George's duty to look into her private life. There was only one way to do that . . .

Jill Walsh, my secretary?" he asked. Mulliner glanced at him.

"We have," he said. "But we call them record cards. It sounds nicer."

"Dig it out for me, will you, Bill?"

"Certainly!" Mulliner went over to a battery of filing cabinets and came back with a folder. "There's nothing here that will help you, though."

"How do you know what'll help me?"

Mulliner looked smug. "An attractive girl, alone all day with a man; those sybaritic carpets; nothing to do. . . ."

"Nothing to do!" George snorted. "If I stay down here much longer I shan't be able to see my desk when I get back."

He opened the folder. It contained letters and testimonials, and a mimeographed foolscap form filled up in ink. Reading the form George discovered that his secretary's full name was Jillian Graham Walsh, and that she lived at the Business Girls' Hostel in Frith Street, W.1. She had been born at Dunstable, Beds, and educated at St. Ninian's Convent, Dunstable, the Marion Ingleby High School, Luton, and the London Business Ladies' College. She was described as a spinster with blue eyes, a fresh complexion, fair hair. . . .

"Hey!" said George. "Who filled this form in?"

Mulliner looked up from an absentee graph. "I expect I did. Why?"

"You say her hair is fair."

"Do I? So what?"

"You've no imagination," George mourned. "It's the colour of a pale August moon really."

"Sounds like *fair*, to me," Mulliner said. "He went back to his graph.

The form listed Miss Walsh's previous employment. She had been with two firms before joining Powers Engineering. There was nothing in her record to indicate a connection with E. J. Walker. Her activities were given as lacrosse, tennis, ice skating, dancing.

"You're very thorough," George said, still reading. "What's the purpose of all this stuff?"

"Oh, it gives us the broad picture," Mulliner said airily. "It also gives me something to do and it impresses the directors." He glanced at George. "Why the sudden interest? Have you got designs on the girl?"

George slipped the form back in the folder and laid it on Mulliner's desk. He stood up. "I'm seven—no, nearly eight years older than that girl," he said. "Damn it!"

He walked back to the lifts moodily. He was very conscious of that eight-year gap. At thirty-two he might be an infant genius among industrial executives, but, to girls in their early twenties, he felt that he was well on his way to middle age, if not already there. Miss Walsh still called him Mr. Barber, and yet that pink-cheeked young oaf in costing who had been with the firm only a few weeks, was already on first-name terms with her. He had heard them Jill-ing and Peter-ing. Next thing, they'd be playing tennis together, skating, dancing. . . .

Well, he knew her favourite hobbies now, anyway.

On his way up in the lift he wondered what his next move ought to be. He had told Walter he would make some inquiries about the girl. Could he do that in an indirect, impersonal way? No, of course not! It was really his duty to the firm to look into her affairs more closely—to study her private life, to observe her scale of living, to pump her about her associates.

George felt suddenly exhilarated at the prospect. He eyed himself in the mirror at the back of the lift and straightened his tie. . . .

Miss Walsh was typing busily when he got back upstairs. She was looking particularly bewitching today in a cream linen dress. She smiled at George, and he grinned back a trifle sheepishly. He felt suddenly guilty about what he had in mind.

He closed the door to his inner office and picked up his telephone. He called the switchboard operator, Millie Lockyer, and gave her E. J. Walker's number. He asked her to let him know immediately if anyone in the building called it. The chance was a faint one, he felt, as he flipped through a file. Pringle would be too wary to risk a call from the office. In any case, he had only to go down to the lobby and use the public call-box to bypass Millie's switchboard completely.

George picked up his telephone again. He had some useful friends, anyway, he thought. This was something that that pink-cheeked oaf Peter would not have been able to do.

He had just cradled the receiver five minutes later when Miss Walsh brought a batch of letters in for signature. As she bent to put the letters on his desk, her hand brushed his, and he caught a perfume as sweet and clean as the smell of heather after rain. He felt momentarily weak, but then he pulled himself together. He signed two letters with painful concentration, doing his best to ignore the slim, shapely, ringless hand that was resting on the desk just within his range of vision.

When he had signed the second, he sat back and drew a deep breath. This was the moment.

"Have you seen *Mardi Gras On Ice* yet?" George said, addressing himself to the hand.

"Why, no! I'd love to see it but the seats are booked for months ahead. Have you seen it, Mr. Barber?"

"No, but—er—well, a couple of tickets for tonight have just dropped my way." George fought against a tendency to stammer. "And so I wondered—er—that is, if you've no plans for tonight, if you'd care to see it with me?"

Miss Walsh stared at him as if he had just pulled the Stone of Solomon from his ticket pocket. "I'd love to, Mr. Barber!" she exclaimed. "I adore ice shows."

"You would? You do?" said George. "Then you'll come?"

"Well," Miss Walsh said—she cocked her head to one side and her blue eyes studied him—"it's not supposed to be a good thing for a girl to go out with her boss. But, then you're not really like a boss, are you?"

"Why not?" George said blankly.

"Well, for one thing you look much too young," Miss Walsh said softly.

George stared at her dreamily. What a wonderful girl! Not only was she devastatingly attractive—she was quite extraordinarily discerning, intelligent and understanding.

To think that Stannard would have had him sack such a perfect creature!

For the rest of the day George stayed happily lost in a beautiful rosy cloud, and never once fingered the faint bald spot that he had discovered some weeks before. . . .

He had arranged to meet Miss Walsh—Jill—outside the Business Girls' Hostel at twenty to seven. He had to rush to pick up the tickets, shave, change his shirt, and give his Alvis a quick polish. He managed it with two minutes to spare.

Miss Walsh, by contrast, could have had comparatively little to do, but what she had done achieved a far greater effect. George was lost in admiration. She had changed her cream dress for a clinging pink affair, very *décolleté*, and her gleaming hair was swept back. For sheer candlepower, as she came laughingly towards him, the sparkle of her ear-rings nowhere near matched the sparkle in her eyes.

Mardi Gras On Ice was in its third wonderful week at the Empire Hall. George drove carefully west, oblivious of everything except that he had Miss Walsh sitting companionably beside him. By the time he had negotiated the hazards of central London, however, he remembered his reason for inviting her out. He groaned inwardly, for the very idea of questioning this lovely girl about the E. J. Walker affair—and doing it underhandedly too—revolted him. It made him feel a brute, a cad.

But George was a very conscientious young man where his job was concerned. And it had to be done—though he hadn't the faintest idea how he was going to do it. Apart from anything else he was too bemused by Miss Walsh's proximity to be able to think at all clearly.

"That's a very charming dress," he said abruptly. "I suppose it cost the earth?"

"This old thing?" Miss Walsh glanced down disparagingly. "I got it in a sale ages ago."

"Oh, well, it suits you, anyhow." He shot past a van and swung the car into the North Circular Road. "I like your ear-rings, too. One can always tell real diamonds, can't one?"

"I suppose one can. These are paste, of course."

George stared straight ahead for a while. He knew he was being completely fatuous, but he couldn't help it. He tried again. "Ah . . . um. . . . Would you like a cigarette?" He took out his case, one-handed, and proffered it.

"There's a lighter on the dash that works," he said. "The garage mended it last week. Do you run a car, by the way?"

Miss Walsh flashed him an incredulous look, then put back her head and laughed scornfully.

Throughout the evening George took every opportunity he could of steering the conversation along financial lines. He suggested that Miss Walsh must find life in London expensive. He inquired about the charges at the Business Girls' Hostel. During the show, when his companion spoke of her passion for skating, he suggested that it must be a hobby that cost a good deal. And later, over supper at the very exclusive Silver Salamander, he asked her if she came there often.

By this time an oddly thoughtful look had begun to creep into Miss Walsh's attractive blue eyes. . . .

George was very unhappy. Most of the evening he had been talking sheer nonsense. He decided he would make one last attempt, and then give up. Happily and gratefully, Miss Walsh would be completely in the clear as far as he was concerned. Not that she had ever really been anything else.

"Wonderful drink, champagne," he said. "Do you drink much of it?"

"The last time was at my sister's wedding—two years ago," Miss Walsh said. She took a deep breath and her colour heightened. "Mr. Barber, may I ask you something, for a change?"

"What? Why certainly!" George grinned uneasily.

"Why did you ask me out tonight?"

"Why? Well, I . . . I mean . . . well, I had those two tickets, and——"

"You seem extremely interested in my financial affairs. You've done nothing but ask me

how much I spend on myself. You've constantly hinted that I can't live on my salary." She stood up and picked up her bag. "Mr. Barber —what is it all about? Has there been a shortage in the petty cash, or something?"

Woman's intuition, that's what it was, George told himself. She hadn't hit the nail on the head, but she had come pretty near it.

"A—what?" he said as he got up, too. "No, of course not, what an extraordinary——"

The contempt in the blue eyes cut him off short. Miss Walsh faced him across the table. "I'd like to go home now, I think," she said. And before George could make any sort of protest she was walking towards the door.

People glanced at her angry expression, and then stared coldly at George. He felt his face burning with fiery shame. He fumbled for his wallet, dropped some notes on the table, and hurried after her. She flashed him another look of sheer contempt when he caught her up, but he was in no state to notice it. He was too busy trying to work it all out. Perhaps it wasn't her womanly intuition after all that had enabled her to see through him so easily. Perhaps she'd been uncomfortably aware of what he had been getting at.

Perhaps she really was an E. J. Walker spy.

On the way back in the car, Miss Walsh sat curled up in the passenger seat as far away from him as she could get.

George glanced at her aloof and lovely profile. It was clear that, as far as she was concerned, he didn't exist. He turned miserably back to his driving.

Some time later he glanced again. And this time he saw her cheek glinting wetly. Surely she wasn't crying?

But she was. And he couldn't bear it. Acting on a sudden impulse, he drew in to the side of the street and stopped.

"I say," he said. "I'm terribly sorry to have upset you like this. I wouldn't have done it for the world. I . . . here, you'd better have this."

He offered her his handkerchief. She took it and dabbed at her eyes. Then she looked at him. "Why did you behave in that strange way?" she asked. "Why did you ask me all those horrible questions?"

GEORGE swallowed hard. He knew now that it was utter nonsense to suspect this girl of treachery to the firm. And he knew there was only one way to make things right with her. He'd got to tell her the truth.

He said: "Stannard thought you were a spy."

"What!" She was looking at him in blank amazement now.

"Silly, isn't it?" George said. "But he did."

"But . . . I don't understand."

"I'm sure you don't," George said. "And I'd like to explain. That is if you're not in a hurry to get home any more——"

"I'm not," Miss Walsh said, her voice softer than it had been for some time.

"Then I'd better explain the whole thing."

And that is what George did. He told her of the contracts which E. J. Walker had whipped from under the nose of Powers Engineering, and of Stannard's suspicion that she had been tipping off the other firm.

"And so," he concluded, "I told him I'd make some inquiries. Of course I knew you had nothing to do with it, but I thought—well, I thought it would give me a chance to get to know you better."

"I see," Miss Walsh said. Her voice sounded dreamy now. But then she pulled herself together and became very businesslike. "Have you any idea who the traitor really is?"

"Pringle!" George said firmly. "I'm surprised the old man hasn't cottoned on to it. P. ugle has a mania for losing money on horses, and this is just the sort of shabby trick he'd regard as a legitimate way of recouping his losses."

Miss Walsh wrinkled her pretty brow. "But

"Oh, Mr. Barber," Millie said, "that number you gave me yesterday—" George stiffened. . . . So his plan had worked

"I'm a trick cyclist, Mummy!"

EVEN A SMALL CHILD on a very small cycle has a pretty high energy consumption ! And youngsters get so engrossed in their play that they don't notice when their powers of endurance are being over-taxed. But Mother must notice—and take the necessary action. A good hot cup of Bovril is a quick way of shaking off fatigue. A sure way of keeping out the cold. And, fortunately, it's a drink that children love.

So when anyone comes in tired or chilled—pop the kettle on and have a piping hot Bovril all round. It will do *you* good, as well as the children. A steaming, warming cup of Bovril cheers and revives you as nothing else can. You see, Bovril is made from beef —prime *lean* beef. So you don't have to worry about your figure.

What's more, a regular hot drink of tasty Bovril will help you and your family to keep fit and free from colds. Start the Bovril habit now—and keep the winter at bay.

Long-distance cyclists, cross-channel swimmers, Polar explorers — they swear by Bovril.

BOVRIL

puts beef into you

Just pour it out!

the ready shredded BEEF SUET

is there any way you can prove it?" she asked doubtfully.

"It's not easy," George admitted. "I shall have to wait for the blighter to make a mistake. Try to catch him red-handed, as it were."

"You mean you're going to watch him?"

"Like a hawk," George agreed. "They must be paying him by results, and they'd hardly send him a cheque. It'll be a personal transaction involving hard cash. The MacAvoy contract was announced only today, so I imagine he'll be collecting his pieces of silver some time in the next few days."

"But you can't trail him everywhere he goes."

"I know. But during business hours at any rate he'll find it hard to get away from me."

Miss Walsh looked thoughtful. "There may be something I can do to help," she said. "I'll have to see."

There was silence. The subject was closed for the time being, and there was nothing to stop George driving on. He did in fact put out his hand to the starter button, but then dropped it again.

"Your handkerchief," Miss Walsh murmured. "It's not terribly wet. I'm sorry I was so silly."

George turned to her. "I'm sorry *I* was so silly," he said. "It was all my fault. Miss Walsh . . . Jill . . . I. . . ."

"Oh, George . . . !"

George had planned, the next morning, to provide himself with a series of excuses for frequent trips to Pringle's office. But he had hardly settled behind his own desk when the door opened. It was the switchboard operator, Millie Lockyer.

"Oh, Mr. Barber," she said, "that number you gave me yesterday——"

"Yes?" George clutched the arm of his chair.

"Someone called it about ten minutes ago."

"Good girl, Millie!" George breathed. Elation surged in his breast. Pringle had walked straight into the trap. "Who was it? What was the extension?"

"I've just looked it up," Millie said. "It was Miss Walsh's extension, sir."

"*What?* Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes, sir. Positive!"

"Thank you, Millie," George said heavily. She turned to go. For a time George stared unseeingly at the wall.

So Stannard *had* been right! Even Pringle, the odious Pringle, had been right. And Jill, the girl he would have gone to the stake for, the girl—yes, the girl he loved—had been making a fool of him. What an idiot she must have thought him last night! How she must have been laughing up her sleeve!

Gradually, through his misery, he felt the fierce, healing fire of anger springing to life. It was the anger of a man who has been deceived and betrayed: the bitter wrath of wounded pride.

And yet . . . somehow he still found it hard to believe. She had seemed so honest, so sincere last night. It was impossible to think of it as having been just a clever act.

For half the morning George doodled blindly on his blotter, torn between the damning facts and the tiny, dogged voice inside him that said defiantly: *I don't believe it, that's all. I just don't believe it.*

He was dreading the moment when she would come in, the moment when she saw the knowledge in his eyes. . . .

And then she came in. The door burst open and she tumbled through in a frantic, breathless rush that caused George to start up in surprise.

"It *is* Pringle!" she cried. "Oh, George, you were right!" She clutched at his arm. "He's gone to collect his money. We can catch him if we hurry."

"Wait a minute!" George stared at her incredulously, trying to collect his whirling thoughts. Was this some new trick? And how did she know what Pringle was doing?

Miss Walsh tugged at his arm impatiently. "Come on, George! He's meeting him in a café in Belmont Street. Come on—I'll explain on the way."

"Yes, please," George said.

He followed her dazedly out of the office, finding that he needed every inch of his long legs to keep up with her. Jill wasted no time with the lifts. She raced down the stairs to the street with an agility that astounded him. He was puffing badly by the time they reached the pavement.

They bundled into a cruising taxi and he sank back against the upholstery with a sigh of relief. "Now," he said, "who is meeting whom?"

"Pringle is meeting John Morrison."

"Morrison? Of E. J. Walker? How do you know?"

Jill grinned a trifle smugly. "Last night I remembered that one of the girls at the hostel, a friend of mine, works at Walker's. She's Mr. Morrison's secretary. I missed her at the hostel this morning, but as soon as I got to the office I rang her up and asked her to listen in if her boss got any calls from a man named Pringle."

"And——?"

"And she rang me back to say that Pringle's going to meet Mr. Morrison at the Star Café in Belmont Street in——" she glanced at her watch—"five minutes' time."

George gazed at her adoringly. How could he ever, for one moment, have harboured such foul suspicions? His arm slipped round her shoulders. "Last night," he said, "did I tell you how wonderful I think you are?"

"I believe you mentioned something about it." Miss Walsh admitted modestly. "But I don't mind hearing it again."

Just then, unfortunately, the taxi pulled in to the kerbside. "This looks like Belmont Street," George said. "I'll save it till later."

The Star Café proved to be large and rather shabby. Poor lighting and a strategic scattering of Chinese screens, plus several flourishing aspidistras, made it an ideal spot for meetings between conspirators.

George and Jill entered as unobtrusively as possible, and concealed themselves behind newspapers bought for the purpose. It was some time before George located Pringle in the gloom. He was seated alone at a table several yards distant. His back was towards them and he was obviously blissfully unaware of their presence.

"Morrison's not turned up yet," George whispered.

JILL'S cheeks were flushed. Her eyes shone with excitement. She tucked back a stray tendril of hair. "What are you going to do, George?"

"I haven't thought yet," George said. A dignified approach, he decided. No rough stuff. "*Well, well, well, Mr. Pringle!*" Suave but sinister. . . .

"Have you noticed that man staring at us?" Miss Walsh whispered.

"Eh?" George looked round and met the hostile gaze of a man in a dirty raincoat two tables away. He was glaring back indignantly when a tall man in a black Homburg came in. He stood peering uncertainly about him for a moment, then crossed to Pringle's table.

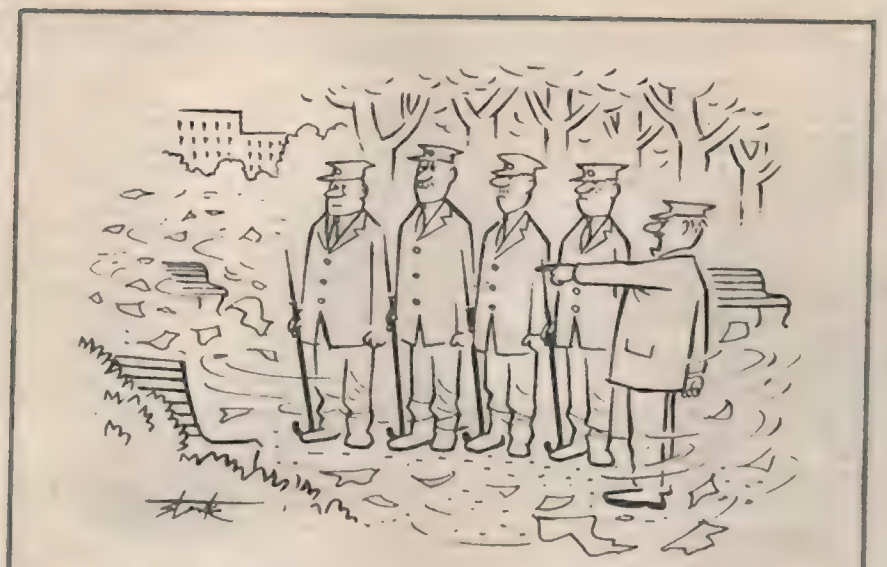
"Morrison!" George hissed tensely.

With a final glare, the man in the raincoat rose to his feet and stalked towards the door. But George's attention was fully occupied with the little scene being played at Pringle's table. Morrison was smiling and talking affably. He had removed his hat and his bald head glimmered whitely in the gloom. Now he was leaning towards Pringle. He had taken a large, bulky

GOODNESS—1

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.

Charles Lamb



"O.K. men, go out there and get 'em . . ."

envelope from his pocket and was handing it across the table. . . .

"*Pringle!*" The voice was like a thunderclap. "Pringle, you dirty, conniving skunk——!" it roared, and George swung round to see his own boss, the chairman of Powers Engineering, charging in like a twentieth-century Assyrian. Beside him trotted the man in the raincoat.

Pringle had jumped like a startled hare. He was standing now, quaking with terror. His face had gone a sickly yellow. He glanced wildly about him, but there was no way of escape.

"You rotten little worm!" Stannard roared. "I'll teach you to double-cross me." He lunged across the table with his umbrella and the ferrule struck Pringle in the solar plexus. Pringle said: "Ooof!" and doubled up.

Pringle's companion, who had been sitting as one petrified, quietly picked his hat from the floor and edged away. No one paid him any attention: they were too absorbed in the spectacle of Pringle trying to find refuge under the table, while Walter Stannard swiped heartily with his umbrella at the unprotected base of his bony anatomy.

At last, Stannard seemed to tire. He stepped back and mopped his face with an enormous red handkerchief. "And that's just a taste of what you'll get," he panted, "if ever you show your face near my firm again."

A terrified whimper came from under the table.

"And I was going to make a dignified approach," George said in awe.

Stannard caught sight of them. "Hallo, George!" he said with surprise. "What are you doing here?"

"I was just going to ask you the same thing," George said. He explained how Miss Walsh had discovered Pringle's rendezvous. Then he asked Stannard: "But when did *you* begin to suspect him?"

"Suspected him a long time," Stannard said. "Sure of it when I saw his face yesterday morning. And so I put the Discreet Detective Agency here on his tail." And he gestured at the man in the raincoat.

"You mean you never suspected Jill—Miss Walsh?"

Stannard laughed. "I'm sorry about that, George. I wanted to get him off his guard."

He turned to Miss Walsh, beaming jovially. "I owe you an apology, my dear. And I think we all owe ourselves a celebration lunch. Do you like champagne?"

Miss Walsh turned expressive blue eyes to George. "I like it at weddings," she said.

THE END

The revenge

Continued from page 15

Ludlow, looking detestably boyish and jolly in grey flannel slacks and an open-neck shirt, was busy with a cocktail shaker. Seated at a table, putting the final touches to his work of art, was a fair-haired little boy, outward and visible sign of Judith's infidelity.

"Ah, John! Now isn't this wonderful! So you've found your way," cried Ludlow, leaping to greet him.

"Without the smallest difficulty," said Adversane, "thanks to your map."

"And this young gentleman," said Judith, "is Dickie. Come, darling, shake hands with Uncle John. And then off to bed with you."

Uncle John! The fatuity of it, the obtuseness, the indecency!

"How do you do, Dickie?" said Adversane. "What are you drawing?"

"Can't you see? It's a ship."

"So it is. And a very good ship." *I'm doing well,* thought Adversane. *Avuncularity is easy.*

"She's eighty feet long," said Dickie, "and fifty-six feet wide. The masts are forty-five and a half feet long."

A precocious child. And not altogether disagreeable. I wonder if he'll miss his father much? No. Not after the first week.

"And now," said the child's mother, "bedtime. Run along."

"No-oo!" Dickie wailed.

"Time for a drink," announced Ludlow noisily. "How about it, John? Will you risk my secret mixture, speciality of the house? Or do you prefer sherry?"

Between doting mother and cunning child an argument was proceeding.

"Am I having a bath tonight, Mum?"

"No, darling. Not tonight."

"Then I can stay up a bit longer, can't I?"

"Not tonight," repeated Judith patiently. "It's late already."

"No, it's not. Not as late as if I had a bath."

"Don't contradict, dear. It's rude."

"No, it isn't."

"Come along, Dickie. Be a nice, kind boy and do as Mummie says."

He ignored the appeal, but presently, after a thoughtful silence, he said: "I say! Mummie!"

"Yes, darling?"

"Isn't it dirty not to have a bath?"

"No. Not tonight."

"Why isn't it?"

"Because you had one last night."

"Shall I have one tomorrow night?"

"Yes, I expect so."

"I say, Mummie!"

Like mother, like child, thought Adversane. *What a fool the woman is!*

"What is it now?" sighed Judith.

"Why am I to be dirty tonight?"

"You're not, darling. Don't be silly. Be a good boy now, or Mummie won't love you. You want Mummie to love you, don't you?"

"Not specially," said Dickie. "I want a bath."

"Now then, old chap," said his

Perfect Home Made Fruit Cake

—FROM A CAKE MIX!

How a wish came true

You bought—you baked—you liked—Mary Baker's Golden, Devil's Food and Gingerbread Mixes. Then, came your letters asking Mary Baker for Fruit Cake Mix. And here's your wish come true! Fruit Cake Mix, for perfect home-made fruit cake—that comes out perfect time after time. All the best ingredients, and ¾ lb. of specially selected fruit, including crystallised cherries, are ready in the pack. Add a fresh egg—and your cake's in the oven in 5 minutes!

TRY THESE OTHER WONDERFUL MARY BAKER MIXES

GOLDEN *Perfect golden cake that bakes high, light and lovely every time.*

DEVIL'S FOOD *For rich, chocolate cake that stays fresh to the last lovely slice.*

GINGERBREAD *Made to the fancy of all gingerbread-lovers—mixed in 2 minutes.*

Mary Baker Cake Mixes

You add the egg for Home Sweet Home Made Cakes

CAKE MIX DIVISION, NABISCO FOODS LTD., WELWYN GARDEN CITY, HERTS.

For craftsmen and handymen

STANLEY

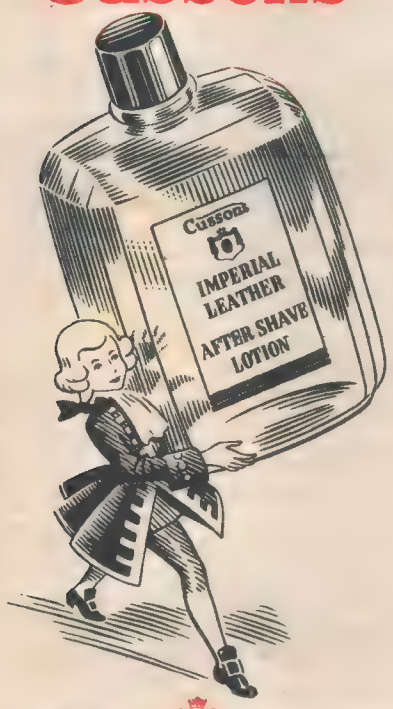
The best tools you can lay hands on!

STANLEY

PLANES • SPOKESHAVES • HAND & BREAST DRILLS
SCREWDRIVERS • 'YANKEE' & 'YANKEE' HANDYMAN
SPIRAL RATCHET SCREWDRIVERS

STANLEY WORKS (G.B.) LTD RUTLAND RD SHEFFIELD 3

Cussons



IMPERIAL LEATHER

After Shave Lotion

For a skin that sighs with relief and almost purrs with satisfaction use Imperial Leather After Shave Lotion. You will like, too, its fine unobtrusive perfume.

JUNIOR SIZE 2/2

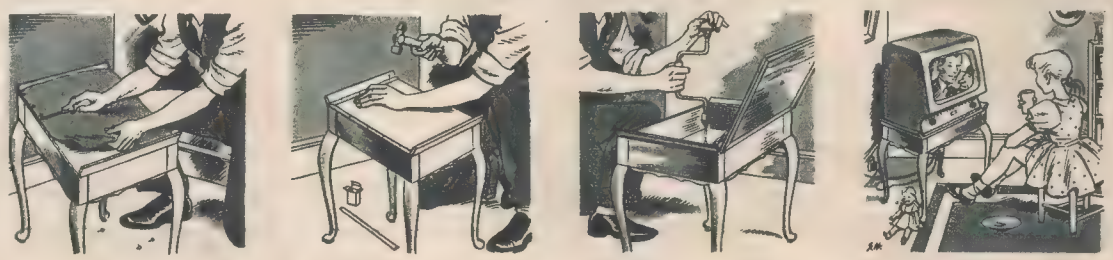
LARGE - 3/9

FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

CUSSONS, 84 BROOK STREET, LONDON W1

Make yourself at home

Each week, JOHN BULL pays five guineas for the best original and practical "do-it-yourself" home hint from a reader. Those selected are illustrated by Stanley Herbert. Send your hints to: "Make Yourself At Home," JOHN BULL, 189 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.



BY a simple and inexpensive alteration I turned our old mahogany piano stool into an attractive television table. First I removed the upholstered top, and replaced it with a piece of mahogany-faced plywood, pinned to the lid. Round the edge of the lid I fixed some beading. I drilled a ¾-in. hole in the lid and the bottom of the stool, and passed through these the aerial and power leads. Our set can now be moved with the minimum of cable showing.—*R. Dyson, Queniborough, Leicester.*

father, belatedly intervening, "off you go. I'll come and say good night when you're in bed."

"Will you bring me my milk and biscuits?"

"Yes, if you like."

"Will you come and see me brush my teeth?"

Adversane, sipping his cocktail, listened with curling lip. *So this is what I have missed! They're well matched, these two. . . .*

When at last Dickie condescended to retire, "He's a quaint little boy," remarked Judith. "But a bit of a handful sometimes."

"Charming!" said Adversane.

"Knows how to get his own way, the young rascal," said Ludlow, with great satisfaction.

"So I see."

"Do you disapprove, John?" said Judith quickly.

"Good God, no! Who am I to disapprove? It's no business of mine. On the contrary, I congratulate you both."

"*But,*" said Judith. "I'm sure there's a but coming. Let's have it, John."

"Not at all. He's a delightful child. I'm sure you're very proud of him.

"But since you insist on casting me for the rôle of critic, my dear Judith," he continued heavily, "I'll say this much. You'd save yourself a lot of trouble if you didn't argue with him. He's cleverer at it than you are, if you'll forgive me. And he enjoys getting you rattled."

"Very likely," said Judith. "I see what you mean. But I don't believe in coercing a child. He must be left free to develop his personality in his own way."

"Believe me," said Adversane, "his personality will take care of itself without your help. No need to coddle it. It doesn't make it easier for a child, it makes it harder in the long run, if you insist on treating him as if he were a fully responsible adult. It's too great a burden for a young psyche to carry."

"The modern method——" began Judith.

"——is already old-fashioned and discredited," said Adversane.

Ludlow laughed. "Let's continue the discussion at supper. No need to starve ourselves. Are we all set, Judy?"

"Quite ready. It's a cold supper. I hope you don't mind, John?" said Judith, leading the way into the dining-room.

Adversane, as the three of them took their seats, woke suddenly to a sense of his fantastic situation. This woman, still young, still good looking, though no longer quite so glamorous, had once been *his* wife, had presided at *his* dinner table, with this same Cyril Ludlow as their welcome guest. Why, to what end, had they contrived this idiotic, this indecent reunion? His mind reverted automatically to its master plan. . . .

He took it to bed with him. And when, after a troubled, dream-haunted sleep, he woke in the small, dark hours, there it was, still nagging away.

The fever had left him. A confusion of drowsy fancies drifted in and out of his mind; but amid the confusion, sounding the death-knell of sleep, tolled the one insistent thought. Time was slipping away: the thing he had come here to do was still not done.

"Why?" he muttered angrily, leaning out of bed to switch on the bedside lamp. "What's hindering me? What have I been waiting for? Opportunity? Nonsense! I could have made an opportunity." During the two or three hours after dinner it would have been easy, with his bag of lethal tricks close at hand, to lead the conversation in the direction of dear Cyril's abdominal pains, offer his own distinguished services, and so have the fellow at his mercy. Murder? Not at all! Merely a judicial execution, seven years overdue.

GLANCING at his watch, which said a quarter to three, he got out of bed and began dressing. There was still ample time before daylight. The chances were that they were sound asleep, those two, and by using his pocket torch he could get into their bedroom without waking them. And then what?

"Ah, then," said Adversane aloud, nodding at his reflection in the dressing table mirror, "we shall see, shan't we, Doctor?" He stood staring and smiling, as if sharing a secret joke with the gaunt image that confronted him. "We understand each other, you and I, eh?"

He was roused from his self-communing trance by a loud tapping on the door, three times repeated; and, even as he turned, there she was, no fantasy, but Judith in the flesh, bright-eyed, flushed with sleep, breast heaving.

"Oh, John! Thank God you're awake!"

He stared at her curiously, wondering why the sudden sight of her in his bedroom at dead of night failed to disturb him, failed even to interest him.

"Do come, please! It's Cyril. He's taken bad again. He's in dreadful pain. Do come!" she repeated piteously, as if half-expecting a refusal.

"Well I'm damned!" said Adversane.

Shaken out of his sick dream, he smiled, grimly amused by the irony of the situation. Here was his chance. Here, handed to him on a plate, was the opportunity he had so eagerly looked for. To administer an overdose—an overdose that might pass for a tragic mistake. Nothing could be easier.

Yes, here was his chance. And he knew instantly, beyond doubt or question, that it was no chance at all. He could kill an enemy, in hot blood or in cold. But a patient, no.

Pausing only to collect his medical gear he followed his ex-wife into the conjugal bedroom. Scene though it was of many self-tormenting imaginings on his part, he had now no attention to spare for it but went straight to the farther of the two beds where Cyril lay writhing and moaning. The sight neither pleased nor distressed him. Empty of feeling, he was now an impersonal intelligence confronted by a technical problem. The gentleness with which he asked his questions, made his examination, was equally impersonal, a professional habit. That his patient was Cyril Ludlow was an uninteresting irrelevance.

Gradually, under his ministrations, the afflicted man became calmer. The spasm subsiding, he smiled apologetically and shut his eyes, embracing the hot water bottle which Judith, on Adversane's orders, had brought him.

"He'll be all right now," said Adversane, "till morning. But just to make sure I'll give him an injection."

A quarter of a grain of morphia. The standard dose.

Three minutes later, with Ludlow peacefully sleeping, he joined Judith downstairs.

"I won't trouble you with technicalities, Mrs. Ludlow, but there's no immediate cause for alarm. In the morning we must get him into hospital for an X-ray and so on. I'll see to all that."

"How good you are to me, John! How thankful I am that you were here!"

She gazed at him sentimentally, extending both hands. A chaste salute seemed to be indicated. Embarrassed, he ignored the gesture.

No, my dear Judith, he said, but not aloud. *You're his, and he's welcome to you. The truth is, I'm not interested in you any more.*

The full beauty of this discovery suddenly dawning on him, he gave her a benign, fatherly smile, exulting in his new freedom. THE END

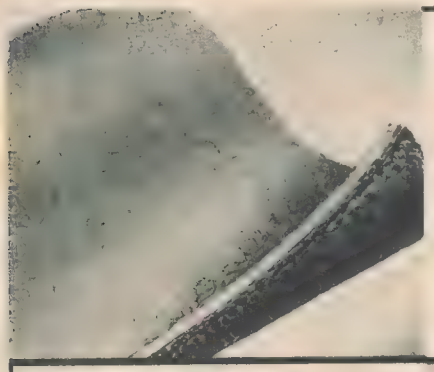
FOR A BEAUTIFUL SPRING . . .

Buy The Best Bulbs . . .

Plant Them NOW!

Enjoy the beauty of Spring flowers in your house and garden. Plant Tulips, Daffodils, Crocus and Hyacinths now. Your supplier will tell you the best varieties and how to grow them.

Now!-a Readicut floor-covering for every room

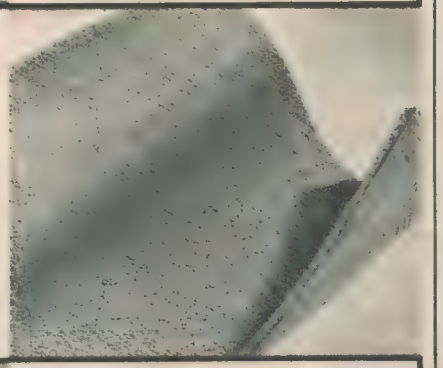


NEEDLELOOM
FELTED CARPETING

Fitted carpeting adds warmth and colour to your home. Nylon reinforced; plastic or rubber backed super quality: both inexpensive and easy to lay yourself. Eminently suitable for bedrooms, landings, and surrounds in principal rooms.

WILTON

In 3 grades and 17 beautiful self colours, these luxurious qualities are ideally suitable for the principal rooms, hall, and stairs of your home. The pure wool pile is very closely woven to withstand the hardest possible wear.



AXMINSTER

Beautiful carpets for the best rooms in the house. Available in squares, body, broadloom and stair widths. The finest value-for-money carpets on the market.

NEEDLELOOM	WILTON	AXMINSTER
27in., 36in., 54in. widths Prices from 18/- a yard. Super Grade. Also in seamless squares.	In 11 widths from 18 in. to 12 ft. Prices from 26/- per yard (18 in. wide). Seamless Broadloom squares in 6 widths and any length. Example: 9 ft. x 9 ft. from £23 9s. 6d.	Carpet squares from £18. 11. 3. (3 x 2½ yds.) Body carpet 27 in. wide, 34/6 a yard. Stair carpet, 22½ in. wide 30/3 a yard.

— ALL DIRECT FROM THE MILL on confidential easy payment terms

These Readicut Floor-coverings are the keenest buy on the market to-day. You order direct from the mill and save pounds on your furnishing costs. Judge the quality for yourself by sending for actual samples. And remember - *your satisfaction is assured by Readicut's unconditional money-back guarantee.* So don't delay!

Complete the coupon below now!

THE READICUT WOOL CO. LTD. · Dept. C12 · TERRY MILLS · OSSETT · YORKSHIRE

Send me sample/s of Readicut floor-coverings, complete colour range, prices and terms. (Please enclose 1/- only, refundable on return of sample/s.) *Post in a sealed envelope.*

NEEDLELOOM ☐ WILTON ☐ AXMINSTER ☐
(Tick samples required)

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE) C12

"And what do-it-yourself money-saving genius mixed cement in my washing machine?"

Something fishy

Continued from page 23

joints prevented Lord Uffenham and Mortimer Bayliss following his example. They, too, passed into the open, but nobody could have compared them to even the gentlest breeze. They moved slowly and jerkily, like rheumatic buffaloes, and it is not surprising that on arrival at the front gate they should have found there a complete absence of Pilbeams.

North, south, east and west there was not a private investigator in sight. All they saw was Bill and Jane standing by Bill's car, gazing interestedly down the road.

"Who," Bill asked, becoming aware of their presence, "was the jack rabbit?"

"Something in a striped suit came dashing past us," said Jane.

"Wearing pimples with a red tie," said Bill. "A mistake, I think. One or the other, but not both."

Jane gave a sudden squeak of concern. "Uncle George! You're all wet."

"I know I'm all wet," said Lord Uffenham, with a touch of petulance. "Who wouldn't be, with burglars drenching them with whisky-and-sodas? I'm going to change. Might catch a nasty cold."

He went moodily into the house, and Jane turned to Mortimer Bayliss. "Burglars?" she said. "Was there a burglar?"

"There was indeed. A small one, not the large economy size. I took up this spade to quell him. Now that he is no longer here to be quelled, I suppose I'd better put it back," said Mortimer Bayliss. He left, pondering deeply and suspecting the hand of Roscoe Bunyan behind the enterprise.

"Burglars!" said Jane. "Just imagine! Valley Fields for excitement!"

"There, there, little woman!" said Bill.

"What do you mean, 'There, there, little woman'?"

"I thought you might be frightened. I was going to put my arms about you and tell you to fear nothing."

"A capital idea," said Jane. "Put 'em."

Behind them somebody coughed. Keggs was standing there, his face contorted with pain. He had a severe headache, and even that soft cough had accentuated it.

"Oh, hallo, Mr. Keggs," said Bill. "We were—er—just discussing the wedding arrangements."

"I should not advocate an immediate wedding, sir," said Keggs sepulchrally.

In the mind of Harold Keggs when, waking like Abou ben Adhem from a deep dream of peace, he found that he had acquired the headache of a lifetime and lost the manilla envelope inscribed "In re R. Bunyan, Esq.," there had been not unnaturally a certain disorder, but from the welter of confused emotions two coherent thoughts stood out.

One was the intention to go to the chemist's in Rosendale Road, if he could navigate so far, and get the most powerful pick-me-up the man behind the counter could provide; the other a stern resolve to be revenged upon Roscoe Bunyan for the outrage he had perpetrated, an outrage so dastardly that few international gangs, however tough, would have cared to include it in their programmes.

For that the hidden hand behind both headache and robbery had been that of Roscoe he did not for an instant doubt. When a man in a striped suit and pimples calls on a retired butler saying that he has been sent by Mr. Bunyan and proceeds to doctor the drinks and purloin the contract whereby Mr. Bunyan has pledged himself to pay the retired butler 100,000 dollars, the retired butler, unless very slow on the uptake, is able to deduce and put two and two together.

So now, with a view to foiling Roscoe's plans, Keggs, though he would have preferred to go straight to Rosendale Road for that pick-me-up, paused on seeing Bill, and said: "I should not advocate an immediate wedding, sir."

And while Bill stared at him, his eyes narrowing as our eyes are so apt to do when we are confronted with a speaker whom we suspect of having had a couple, he added: "If I might have your attention for a moment, sir."

Keggs, though hampered by shooting pains that started at the soles of his feet and got worse all the way up, proceeded to place the facts of the tontine before Bill and Jane as clearly and lucidly as he had placed them before Roscoe Bunyan. And he found an audience equally attentive. Bill, as the narrative proceeded, stared at him dumbly. So did Jane. Then, as he concluded his remarks, they stared at one another dumbly, and Keggs headed painfully for Rosendale Road and its pick-me-ups.

"Well, that's too bad," said Bill. "I'd have liked a million dollars."

Jane looked at him wide-eyed. "But, Bill! You aren't going ahead with the wedding *now*?"

"Who, me? Of course I am. I have to sail for America on Wednesday, and shall be away for years. You don't think I'm going to leave you behind, with England as full as it is of men in yellow corduroy trousers? No, sir! You'll come with me, like a good girl, and to hell with all tontines."

"Oh, Bill!" said Jane.

"Yes, my beautiful blue-eyed rabbit?"

"Am I really worth a million dollars to you?"

"More!" said Bill. "Considerably

White Heather for me!

It's such a colourful assortment

Pascall White Heather is my favourite subject! I've got designs on all of those delicious centres and that lovely Milk Chocolate. Just try them— and you'll agree that every one is an absolute masterpiece.

Double Nut Delight

Orange Fruit Jelly

Peppermint Stick

Milk Neapolitan

Coffee Cream

Milk Chocolate Toffee

Nutty Fudge

Walnut Surprise

Raisin Caramel

Creamy Caramel

Orange Cream

Fruit Nougat

White Heather Pascall Assortment

White Heather Pascall Assortment

Exciting new centres — creamy milk chocolate!

Y's men all over the world wear...

YES, MILLIONS OF MEN wear Y-Front. This tailored-to-fit underwear is made in 15 countries . . . that's what you call an *international* favourite! And here in Britain, Y-Front is made by Lyle and Scott—of Scottish knitwear fame. Start wearing Y-Front—the first and finest men's support underwear!

As supplied to the British Olympic Team

the international favourite!

FOR BOYS IT'S Y-FRONT JUNIOR BRIEFS & SINGLETS FROM 4/11 PER GARMENT

See that! – that's

SUPER SHELL

YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

more. Any man who gets a girl like you for a mere million bucks has driven a shrewd bargain.

"Besides, money isn't everything. As a matter of fact, I despise the stuff. When I said I would have liked to have a million, I was wrong. It's much more fun being married when you're hard up."

"Oh, Bill!" said Jane, and Keggs, returning some minutes later from his travels, found himself compelled to cough once more.

But this time the cough brought no attendant anguish with it. It is pleasant to be able to record that Harold Keggs's confidence in the man behind the counter at the Rosendale Road chemist's had not been misplaced. The fellow knew his pick-me-ups. Keggs was able to return to his cosy sitting-room almost as good as new.

He found Lord Uffenham there. In flannel trousers and a sweater which might have been constructed by Omar the Tent-Maker, the now dry viscount was brooding ponderously over the bowl of goldfish.

"Ants' eggs!" he said, as Keggs entered.

"M'lord?"

"I've been wondering how the dickens goldfish acquired a taste for ants' eggs."

"They like them, m'lord."

"I know they like them, but, Lord love a duck, how did they come to like them? In their natural, wild state I don't see how they could ever have got in touch with ants. Did yer know, by the way, that ants run quicker in warm weather?"

"Indeed, m'lord?"

"So I read somewhere. In the summer months they clip quite a bit off their winter time, and dash all over the place like billy-o. That reminds me. There was somebody on the phone for you just now. A Mrs. Billson."

"My sister, m'lord."

"Oh, yerss? Well, she wants you to call her."

During the rather lengthy period of Keggs's telephoning, Lord Uffenham continued to brood over the goldfish. He was jerked from his meditations by a sharp exclamation, and he turned, mystified. It was almost inconceivable that one of Keggs's poise and dignity should have used violent language, but that was what it had sounded like.

"What did yer say?" he asked.

"I said damn and blast him to hell, m'lord," replied Keggs respectfully as he put the telephone down.

"Eh? Who?"

"That blighted Bunyan, m'lord."

"Oh, that feller? What's he done?"

Keggs struggled with his emotions for a space. Then he regained self-control.

"It appears—it has come as a complete surprise to me—that Mr. Bunyan was engaged to be married to my niece Emma, m'lord."

"Yer don't say! Well, sooner her than me, but I suppose yer'd call it a good match for the girl. Piefaced though he is, he's got the stuff. So why stand there blinding about it?"

"Emma has just been in telephonic communication with her mother, m'lord, to inform her that Mr. Bunyan has broken the engagement."

"He has? The dirty dog. Odd thing is, I didn't know yer had a niece Emma."

"I fancy that if I ever mentioned her, it was under her *nom de Tayarter*. She is on the stage. She acts under the name of Elaine Dawn."

"Oh, I see. And Bunyan asked her to marry him?"

"Yes, m'lord."

"In writing?"

"Yes, m'lord."

"Then she's on velvet. She can sue him for breach and get into his ribs good and proper."

"No, m'lord, because on going to the drawer where she kept Mr. Bunyan's letters, she found they had disappeared."

"Weren't there, yer mean?"

"Precisely, m'lord. Obviously an emissary of Mr. Bunyan had obtained access to her apartment and purloined them."

It took Lord Uffenham some moments to work this out, but eventually he unravelled it. Some frightful blister, bought with Roscoe's gold, had got in and pinched the bally things. His whole chivalrous nature was stirred to its depths by the outrage.

"The hound!"

"Yes, m'lord."

"She can't take this lying down."

"It is difficult to see what redress the unhappy girl can have."

"She could dot him in the eye."

"It would be but a poor palliative for her distress of mind, m'lord."

"Well, *someone* ought to dot him in the eye. Wait!" said Lord Uffenham, holding up a hamlike hand. "An idea's coming. Let me think." He paced the room for a while. It was plain that that great brain was working. "Hey!" he said.

"M'lord?"

"Didn't yer tell me once that this brother-in-law of yours, the wench's father, was a boxer?"

"Yes, m'lord. He fought under the sobriquet of Battling Billson."

"Good, was he? Tough sort of bloke?"

"So I have always been given to understand, m'lord."

"Then I see daylight," said Lord Uffenham. . . .

The morning following his visit to Castlewood found Mortimer Bayliss depressed and irritable. Most unwisely, when replacing that spade in the flower bed, he had dug a few tentative digs with it, and this had brought on an attack of lumbago, causing a jaundiced outlook on life. He resented these reminders, which came so frequently these days, that he was not as young as he had been.

As he stood in the picture gallery, staring moodily at one of the works of Sidney Biffen's middle period, there came upon him suddenly the realization that he could not endure another day of Roscoe Bunyan's society. Business connected with the Bunyan collection had brought him to Shipley Hall but, that business being now concluded, there was no reason why he should continue to be cooped up with one whom he had disliked as a boy and disliked even more heartily now that a too-tolerant world had permitted him to survive to the age of thirty-one.

EVERYTHING about Roscoe offended him—his face, his double chin, his conversation and his habit of employing private investigators to relieve him of his honourable obligations to fiancées and ex-butlers. He wanted, in a word, no piece of Roscoe Bunyan.

He was hobbling to the bell to ring it, when Skidmore appeared. "Excuse me, sir. Could you see Mr. Keggs?"

"Is he here?"

"He arrived some little while ago in his car, sir."

"All right. Send him up. And pack."

"Sir?"

"My belongings, oaf! Pack them without delay."

"You are leaving Shipley Hall, sir?"

"I am. It stinks, and I am ready to depart."

When Keggs entered, nursing his bowler hat, there was that in his aspect that smote Mortimer Bayliss like a blow. Misery loves company, and he had been looking forward to getting together with a fellow-invalid with whom he could swap symptoms. To see the other in glowing health was a sad disappointment.

"Well, what brings you here?" he asked sourly. "Yesterday's excitement in the home?"

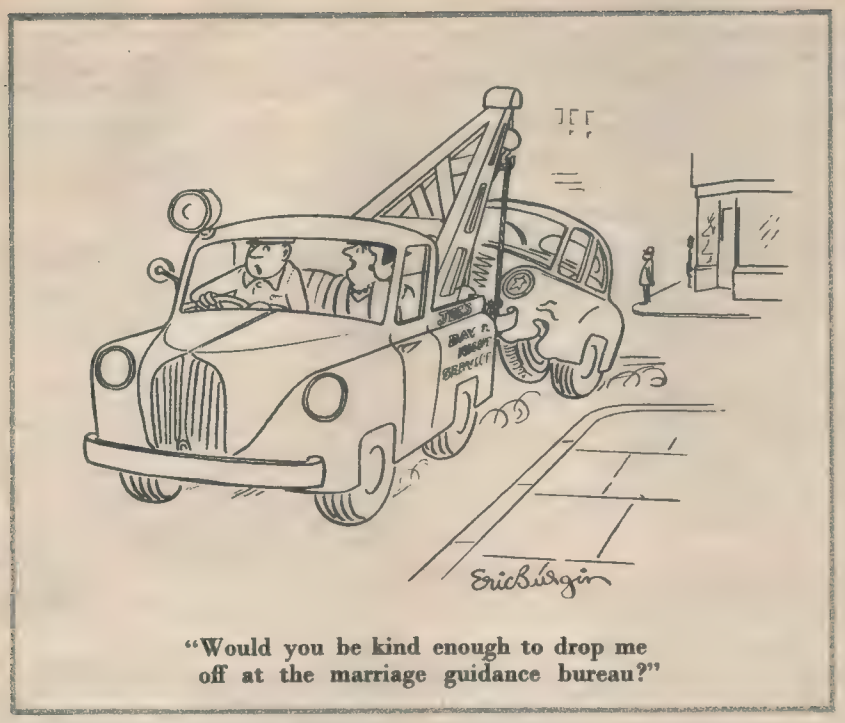
"My visit is connected with that, yes, sir."

"I suppose when you came out of your swoon, you found the contract

GOODNESS—2

It is not enough to do good; one must do it in a good way.

John Morley



"Would you be kind enough to drop me off at the marriage guidance bureau?"

gone and realized that that blot with the pimples had swiped it on behalf of Roscoe?"

"Immediately, sir."

"And now you have come to plead with him to do the square thing and give you at least a little something of his plenty? Not a hope, my good Keggs, not a hope! Conscience will never make Roscoe part with a nickel."

"So I had anticipated, sir. It was not with any intention of appealing to Mr. Bunyan's better feelings that I made the journey here. I came to escort my sister and her husband, who are now closeted with Mr. Bunyan in the smoking-room.

"It was Lord Uffenham's suggestion that I should bring them to confer with Mr. Bunyan. They are the parents of the young woman to whom Mr. Bunyan was until recently betrothed. My niece Emma."

"What on earth do you suppose they can do?"

"His lordship was sanguine that a visit from them would accomplish something of a desirable nature."

"But, Keggs, the minion who stole that contract of yours also stole the letters Roscoe wrote to the girl promising marriage. She's as helpless as you are."

"His lordship was inclined to think not. He took the view that Wilberforce——"

"Eh?"

"My brother-in-law, sir. His lordship took the view that Wilberforce might possibly persuade Mr. Bunyan to change his mind and do the right thing by our Emma. And he was not astray in his judgment. When I left them a moment ago, Mr. Bunyan had quite come round to the idea of an immediate marriage."

Mortimer Bayliss stared. "I don't get this. You say Roscoe is going to marry the girl?"

"By special licence, sir."

"In spite of having got back the letters?"

"Precisely, sir!"

"Your brother-in-law must be eloquent."

"No, sir, he seldom speaks. My sister Flossie does all the talking for the family. But Wilberforce was at one time a professional boxer in the heavyweight division."

"Oh! I begin to see."

"Battling Billson was the name under which he fought. He had a sweet left hook, sir," said Keggs, his eyes glowing a little as he recalled ring tourneys when he had seen that left-hook in action. "He is a little elderly now, of course, but still vigorous. And no doubt his mere appearance carried weight with Mr. Bunyan."

"Formidable, is it?"

"Extremely, sir! If one may employ the vernacular, he looks a killer."

A feeling of quiet happiness stole over Mortimer Bayliss. For years, he was telling himself, Roscoe Bunyan had been asking for something on these lines, and now he had got it.

"So those wedding bells will ring out? Well, that's fine. Nothing like having someone in the family who's worth twenty million dollars. I congratulate you."

"Thank you, sir. And there was one other thing."

"What's that?"

"I have drawn up a fresh contract to take the place of the one purloined from my residence. Flossie, when I left, was just going into the matter with Mr. Bunyan, and by this time I have no doubt will have overcome any reluctance on his part to sign such a document.

"If you would be kind enough to come to the smoking-room and witness it, as before, I should be greatly obliged. It is possible," Keggs went on, forestalling an anticipated objection, "that you may be thinking that, with Mr. Bunyan planning to enter upon matrimony at an early date, the contract will be valueless, marriage automatically ruling him out of the tontine. But I have a suggestion which I fancy would make things satisfactory for all parties concerned."

"You have?"

"Yes, sir. Why should not Mr. Bunyan and Mr. Hollister agree to divide the proceeds of the tontine, irrespective of which was the first to marry?"

"That never occurred to me. It's a thought."

"And each would find it equally advantageous. Really, sir, I can see no flaw. It seems to solve everything."

"It does. Yours is a great mind, Keggs. I've always wondered what butlers thought about. Now I know. They think about dictaphones and contracts. In the smoking-room, did you say your loved ones were?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then let's join them. I am particularly anxious to see this brother-in-law of yours, whose presence has had so hypnotic an effect on our Mr. Bunyan. I can hardly wait. Good Lord!"

"Sir?"

"I was only thinking that if this girl Emma is your niece, Roscoe will have to go through life calling you Uncle Joe or whatever it is."

"Uncle Harold, sir."

MORTIMER BAYLISS flung his arms up in a gesture of ecstasy. The sudden movement gave him a nasty twinge in the small of the back, but he ignored it.

"This," he said, "is the maddest, merriest day of all the glad new year. I do believe in fairies! I do . . . !"

There are clubs in London where talk is as the crackling of thorns under a pot and sprightly juveniles spend the day throwing lumps of sugar across the room at their personal friends, and other, more sedate clubs where silence reigns and the inmates curl up in their

SMITHS ALARMS

RULE THE ROOST

It's the Four Ace Features that count! (1) Automatic Reset (2) Tested at Every Stage of Production (3) Fully Guaranteed for One Year (4) Quality Built for Durability.
From leading Jewellers everywhere.

SMITHS CLOCKS & WATCHES LTD., Sectric House, London, N.W.2. *A Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.*

ITS SUPERIOR QUALITY
ITS LARGE SIZE
ITS LOW PRICE

LARGE TIN 7D.

See the difference—Save the difference

By Appointment to H.M. Queen Elizabeth II Purveyor of Cherry Heering

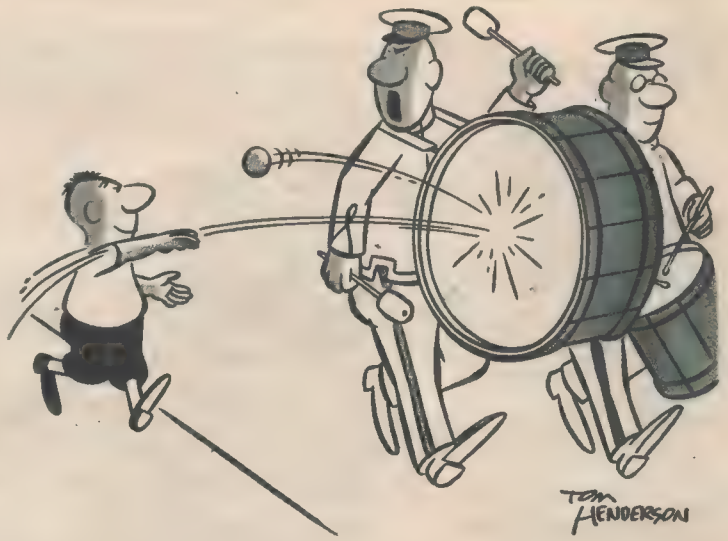
VERRY CHEERING

CHERRY HEERING

The second *R* is a gentle but firm *R*eminder to keep a bottle of Cherry Heering by you at all times. There are many ways of enjoying this popular liqueur: in a long, cool drink, as a base for cocktails or, of course, on its own.

Also available in flasks.

WORLD FAMOUS LIQUEUR SINCE 1818



"Scram!"

armchairs, close their eyes and leave the rest to nature.

Lord Uffenham's was one of the latter. In its smoking-room this afternoon there were present his lordship and Mortimer Bayliss.

The eyes of Lord Uffenham and his guest were at the moment still open, but the eyelids were a little weary and both were feeling in need of rest. It taxes the energies of elderly gentlemen to attend a wedding, sign registers, kiss brides and stand waving as the receding car takes the young couple off on their honeymoon. Like the gardenias in their buttonholes, these two were more than a trifle wilted.

Lord Uffenham, moreover, in addition to being physically fatigued, was mentally in a state of turmoil. Recent events had left him dazed and bewildered. He was able vaguely to gather that the young feller who had hitched up with his niece Jane had become possessed of approximately half a million dollars, but he had no idea how this very pleasant state of affairs had come about. . . .

"Weddings," said Mortimer Bayliss, drawing thoughtfully at his cigar, "always cheer me up. They give me that feeling of quiet satisfaction which comes to an explorer in the jungle who sees the boa constrictor swallow the other fellow and not him. I look at the bridegroom and I say to myself: 'Well, they've got that poor mutt, but they haven't got you, Mortimer, old sport,' and my heart leaps up as if I had beheld a rainbow in the sky. Are you awake?"

"M-m-m-m-m-m," said Lord Uffenham.

"Mind you, I am quite aware, of course, that there are eccentrics who enjoy getting married. The recent Hollister, for instance, was obviously feeling no qualms as they sprang the trap on him. He gloried in his predicament. But I have always regarded the holy state with the gravest concern.

"As a young man, I would sometimes dream that I was being married, and would wake sweating. Each year that passes lessens the peril, and my mind is now tolerably easy, but in my hot youth I never had a carefree moment.

"I am speaking of the days when I had hair on my head and was known as Beau Bayliss. Always then there was that haunting fear that some day some unguarded word would land me in an hotel with rice dropping off me. But now, as I say, the danger, I feel, has passed. My spell has waned. I look at myself in the glass and I say 'Courage, Mortimer! With a face like that you are surely safe.' It is a most consoling reflection. Are you still awake?"

Lord Uffenham did not reply. He was breathing gently.

"Because, if so, I would like your opinion on a point of some importance which has been exercising my mind not a little. Bill Hollister. Would you say that he was one of those honourable young men with high ethical standards, not—in short—the sort of young man to stick to money to which he was not entitled, as would be the case with so many of us, like glue?"

Lord Uffenham breathed gently.

"That was the impression he gave me, and I cannot but feel that it would be injudicious to let him know the true facts about that tontine—to wit, that his father was never in it.

"Yes, I assure you. As I told Roscoe, one of those dining at J. J. Bunyan's table on that September night in the year 1929 changed his mind next morning and decided to include himself out. That one was Bill's father, the late Joe Hollister. He said he thought the whole idea damned silly and nobody was going to get fifty thousand dollars of his money for nonsense of that sort.

"In other words, to make it clear to the meanest intelligence—I allude to yours, my dear Uffenham—Roscoe is paying out half a million dollars he doesn't have to, in addition to a hundred thousand to Keggs and, I imagine, a princely sum to that minion with the pimples.

"A consummation devoutly to be wished, of course, for it will make him more spiritual, and he is a man who needs all the spirituality he can get, but a state of affairs at which Bill Hollister, if I read him aright, would look askance. I consider it a certainty that the young sap, if apprised, will insist on giving the stuff back, so the view I take is that he must not be apprised. He must never know. Sealed lips, I say. What do you say?"

LORD UFFENHAM did not say anything. He had begun to snore softly, and it became plain to Mortimer Bayliss that of all this nicely-reasoned speech he had heard not a single word.

And better so, felt Mortimer Bayliss on reflection, far better so. This top secret was unquestionably one to be locked, if possible, in a single bosom. Viscounts sometimes babble. When in their cups, for instance. He did not know if Lord Uffenham was ever in his cups, but it was quite possible that he might some day chance to get into them and with an unloosened tongue speak the injudicious word.

Sealed lips, thought Mortimer Bayliss, *sealed lips. You can't beat sealed lips.*

He laid down his cigar. He leaned back in his chair. His eyes closed. And presently his gentle breathing blended with Lord Uffenham's gentle breathing and the gentle breathing of all the other basking seals in the Mausoleum Club's smoking-room.

He slept, the good man taking his rest after a busy day.

THE END

"Something Fishy" by P. G. Wodehouse will be published as a book early next year by Herbert Jenkins, Ltd.

Everywhere men are preferring

HEPWORTHS

hand cut Tailoring

A Hepworth suit is something a man can be proud of. It is cut entirely by hand and individually tailored to *your* measurements only. From the moment you first put it on, to the far distant day you—very reluctantly—lay it aside, it will look right and feel right whatever the occasion. A Hepworth hand-cut suit costs as little as **£8. 19. 6,** or in super grade all-wool worsted cloth from **£11. 5. 0** to **£15. 5. 0** with whatever refinements you wish. And for the man in a hurry there is a complete range of ready-to-wear suits tailored to the same high standard.

You are never far from a HEPWORTH branch

Hepworths

Where the *GOOD CLOTHES* come from

FAMEL RELIEVED MY TERRIBLE COUGH

SAYS MRS. WHITE,

HOLBEACH ROAD, CATFORD, S.E.6.

"I am writing to thank you for your advertisement about Famel. I had a terrible catarrhal cough but could get no relief. When I read your advert for Famel, I bought a bottle; now my cough has gone, my nose is clear and I am feeling my old self again."

Why suffer the miseries of coughs and colds when Famel Syrup brings you such prompt and soothing relief? Famel is a scientific treatment world-famous for its success with grown-ups and children too.

THE RIGHT WAY TO TREAT A COLD Keep warm and rest—in bed if you can, and take a few doses of Famel Syrup. If the cold has turned to a stubborn cough, with all its attendant miseries, Famel is of even greater help.

Powerful 3-way help for your COUGH

★ **QUICK RELIEF** Famel quickly soothes away the soreness and irritation, giving relief from the misery of persistent coughing and ensuring sound sleep at night.

★ **DEEP PENETRATION** Famel not only soothes the throat—its healing properties go much deeper. Famel acts through the bloodstream, helping your system fight infection from within, deep down in your lungs. Famel gets to the root of your cough.

★ **NEW STRENGTH** Sound sleep, and Famel's tonic properties, build up your resistance and bring new strength for speedy recovery.

Get FAMEL for that COUGH

FROM CHEMISTS ONLY 2/6 • 3/9 • 7/4

The tribe that lost its head

Continued from page 33

secretary—hats of thick, cream straw, decorated with false Michaelmas daisies, edged at the brim with scarlet piping.

They took a photograph of the governor, his cock's feathers nodding, talking to the honorary representative for Poland. They took one of the débutantes curtsying and one of the perspiring band plugging its way through "The Skater's Waltz." Then, looking about for further targets, Noblesse O'Toole nudged Clandestine Lebourget, and pointed. "Get him," she said out of the side of her mouth. "That one we can't miss!"

"That one" was Father Hawthorne, whose lean, granite face and billowing white habit were a focus of attention wherever he went. . . .

Aidan Purves-Brownrigg, David Bracken and Nicole Steuart met almost guiltily under a tree at the farther side of the main lawn.

"So nice of you to come," said Aidan, ridiculously, as the three of them drew furtively together. "I know how busy you are. . . . Don't you think the lemonade is absolutely stunning?"

Nicole giggled, then looked about her nervously. "We really shouldn't be doing this," she said. "You know we're not meant to talk to each other."

"If that's the worst thing you children have on your conscience," said Aidan cheerfully, "then you needn't worry."

It seemed natural for Nicole and David to catch each other's eye at that moment, and then look swiftly away.

"Our consciences are clear," said David, after a moment's silence.

"Crystal clear," said Nicole.

"Crystal," said Aidan, "is being worn a trifle cloudy this year."

But it was true, thought David, as he looked again at Nicole, admiring

GOODNESS—3

Good is only beauty put into practice.

Rousseau

frankly her face and her figure. Their consciences were clear, because they were past the edge of love, and already felt themselves to be deeply bound to each other. But perhaps it was time for that feeling to be declared. . . .

David was interrupted in his day-dream by Aidan remarking: "Oh well, I must start prowling again."

Alone, happy in isolation, Nicole and David looked at each other.

"Hallo," said David. "You're looking really lovely."

"You're looking very smart, too."

"Will you marry me?"

After all, it was as easy as that. . . .

The garden party drew to its close. The last guests caught the governor's eye, bade him farewell, and made for the main gates.

Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, approaching his staff with a gallant smile, took off his plumed helmet and smoothed his hair. "I think it all went off very well, don't you?" he said cheerfully. "It's always a dreadful bore, of course, but people *do* appreciate it. Now I suppose we'll have to have our wretched press conference. . . ."

There were many different versions of that press conference, in many different newspapers.

The *Daily Flash* (Tulbach Browne reporting) made it the high-water mark of its "Spotlight on Pharamaul" series. This, it said, was what happened when reaction was allowed to flourish in a concealed corner of the Commonwealth. Pharamaul, struggling towards the freedom it had earned, found itself blocked by aged nincompoops and youthful official flunkeys.

It recommended three cures: one, the immediate granting of independent status to Pharamaul; two, a declaration that mixed marriages such as Dinamaula's would receive automatic approval from Her Majesty's Government; and three, the compulsory retirement of colonial civil servants, whatever their rank, at the age of fifty-five.

But it was *Clang*, as usual, that produced the most readable version, trimmed down to a diamond pattern, pre-digested to the very last adjective.

"The gardens of Government House," wrote Axel Hallmarck, "were at their plutocratic best. Garden boys (aged fifteen to sixty-five), disciplined by a hard-riding major-domo, scurried to and fro, putting the finishing touches to the heat-loaded borders. Sweating black servants—paid, in accordance with Pharamaul's straitjacket economy, at one-third the rate of their poor white competitors—tended the mounds of sandwiches, the jorams of lemonade and ice cream. Dowagers beamed or glared. Débutantes curtsied. Pharamaul society perspired and chattered.

"When the formal fun had dragged to a close, reality returned (for a brief spell) to Government House, while the Governor, Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs, K.B.E., etc., his scarlet cock's feathers a-droop, held a press conference. There were many who saw, in those drooping cock's feathers, a drooping hold on this long-subjugated corner of the British Empire. After the washy lemonade and the lumbering débutantes, it was a comforting thought—for those who recognized comfort when they saw it.

"The governor, surrounded by top-hatted aides, did his best on what he would undoubtedly have called 'a sticky wicket, what?' At times side-stepping, at times disastrously frank, he may not have known that he was giving the assembled company a blueprint of the colonial mind.

"Everything in Pharamaul was going jolly well, insisted the governor. There were one or two agitating fellows about, of course. But nothing serious.

"What about Dinamaula's ideas for social development? They would be taken under consideration.

"What about Dinamaula's marriage? The governor hadn't heard anything definite.

"The aides, top hats at the ready, eyed the governor admiringly as he produced, with antique, faded charm, his answers. At a decent distance, the servants cleaned up the tables, collected the lemonade glasses, chattered covertly among themselves.

"The press conference petered out. The aides bowed low as the governor withdrew. Reality, which had peeped through here and there, retreated as if ashamed. Pharamaul slept—until tomorrow.

"Tomorrow might come very soon for Pharamaul, lotus-eating British colony on the verge of a headlong collision with history."

After this brilliant début in Port Victoria, the invaders lost no time in getting up to Gamate. And in Gamate the situation was still deteriorating. . . .

WHEN old Seralo, after hasty and doubtful conference with his fellow regents, decided to call the tribe once more to the *aboura*, he did so with the words of a ruler but the quaking heart of a child. There were three things he knew. First, that there was great trouble in the tribe. Second, that at the heart of the trouble lay the chief, and the marriage of the chief. Third, that though Dinamaula was to assume the chair of rule within a few days, those few days could not be left to the idle passage of time.

There was a fourth thing that he guessed at, and a fourth thing that he came to know in full certainty as soon as he stood up to face the restless, murmuring crowd on the *aboura*. The fourth thing was that his power was ebbing away from him like the rattling breath of a lion torn by spears, and that in its place was an ugly emptiness. Into that emptiness might step a single strong man—Puero, the third regent, or Dinamaula himself; or else white government, intent on re-establishing the pattern of order; or chaos itself, wearing the bloody mask of mob-rule.

Even as he spoke the accustomed

"... wish you were here"

words of greeting, he heard the young men in the middle of the *aboura* chanting in chorus: "Where is our chief? Where is our chief?" He heard the scream of the women, in unheard-of interruption, taking up the chant. He heard an older man, a man of the first rank, not given to foolishness, propose that no taxes should be paid until Dinamaula was installed as chief and his rule accepted by white government.

He heard Puero at his side making a long speech on the marriage of the chief, saying that whatever woman Dinamaula chose should be accepted by the tribe, without question. He heard himself say, in a voice not strong, that such a marriage was against the custom.

He heard another headman, from a nearby village, saying that such talk was not seemly, and should be ended.

He saw fighting break out at the edge of the *aboura*, between some of the young men and some of the men not so young. He heard his own reedy voice call for peace and order, and knew that his voice was powerless.

He saw a movement at his side, and turned, and watched in terrified amazement as Dinamaula himself appeared on the balcony at the front of the *aboura*, while the whole huge crowd burst into a scream of welcome and homage. Even though the young chief said nothing, simply standing there under the fierce sun in grave stillness, yet Seralo knew that he was accepting this moment, and the salute of the *aboura*, and that from this tempest could come nothing but bloodshed and sorrow and shame. . . .

Andrew Macmillan was dozing in his chair when the telephone rang, caught between sleeping and waking. His heart gave an uneasy leap at the harsh sound.

He looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was ten o'clock, and through the undrawn curtains he could see that full darkness had come to the residency garden. The phone rang again, and he reached out for it.

"R. C.," he said.

He heard a voice say: "Andrew? Keith Crump here." Without the label, he might not have recognized it; Crump's voice was taut, and he seemed to be breathing fast. Behind the voice was the staccato tapping of a typewriter, and behind that a vague murmuring, like the sound of a crowd over the rim of a hill.

"There's been a bit of a riot down here, sir. I think it's O.K. now, but we had a sticky session for a time."

"What happened?"

"They got hold of some wagons down on the *aboura*, and overturned them, and set a light to a couple of them."

"Who is 'they'?"

"The young chaps. The Dinamaula regiment. The wagons belonged to the headman who spoke against the marriage this afternoon."

"What happened then?"

"A lot of fighting. One of the headmen was knifed in the groin. He's in poor shape. And one of my chaps got beaten up pretty badly. We had to make two baton charges."

"Why the hell didn't you call me?"

"Sir, it blew up so suddenly. And"—Crump's voice took on a small edge of pride—"we got it under control again, after a bit."

"Was Dinamaula there?" asked Macmillan.

"No. And the regents weren't showing themselves. It just started with some drinking at the back of the tax office, and then they made a rush for the wagons. But one or two of our press friends were on hand, very punctually."

"Taking any part?"

"No," answered Crump again. "Just watching. Enjoying it, obviously. Father Hawthorne did a bit of first aid."

"Is it really quiet now?" asked Macmillan after a pause. "Do you want me to come down?"

"There's no need for that, Andrew."

THEY were back on a normal plane once more, after the disquieting moment of anger. "But I think you'll have to give them a pep talk fairly soon. Otherwise it's going to happen again."

"You couldn't pick out any actual ringleaders?"

"No. I've got about a dozen of them in the cooler, but they were no worse than the rest. I've booked them all on riotous assembly. We might be able to pin the knifing charge tomorrow, if the headman recognized anyone—and if he recovers." Crump paused. "Will you talk to them, Andrew?"

"Yes, I'll talk to them," answered Andrew Macmillan grimly. He leaned back in his chair, no longer sleepy, no longer rendered indecisive by doubt of his own capacity. This was something he could surely deal with. . . . "Get on to George Forsdick first thing in the morning—or now, if he's still awake. I want Seralo to call an *aboura*—my official *aboura*—for tomorrow afternoon. Five o'clock. All the regents are to be there, and the headman. Can you rig up the public address system?"

"Yes, we'll lay all that on." Now Crump sounded cheerful and confident, catching Macmillan's forceful change of mood. "What about Dinamaula?"

"He is officially invited to attend."

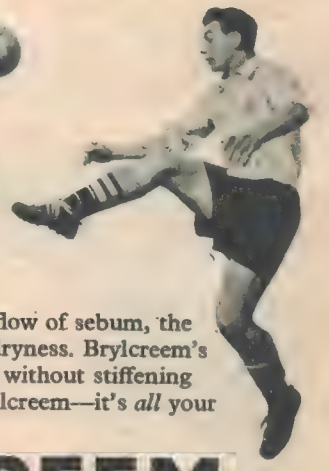
"I doubt if he'll come," returned Crump. "There's a lot of talk that he's not going to say anything, or do anything, until he's confirmed as chief. Then he'll really go into action."

"What action?"

"Marriage. Reforms. Taking things

Who is *this* man of the world? The badge from his blazer is the clue.

Men of the World all the World over



prefer the Perfect Hairdressing

Yes, Brylcreem, with massage, aids the normal flow of sebum, the scalp's natural oil, thus relieving dandruff and dryness. Brylcreem's special emulsion grooms without greasing—and without stiffening the hair. Like world famous sportsmen, use Brylcreem—it's *all* your hair needs for health and appearance.

BRYLCREEM

Tubs 1/10½, 2/10 *and* 5/-; *handy tubes* 2/10.

for every style of hair

royds

This is Fitting Week for the broader foot

P8585. For the broader foot. Elasticised suede insert holds the foot firmly in this attractive glace kid shoe. Black or Brown. 30 Shape. In sizes and half sizes 2—9. Price 69/11

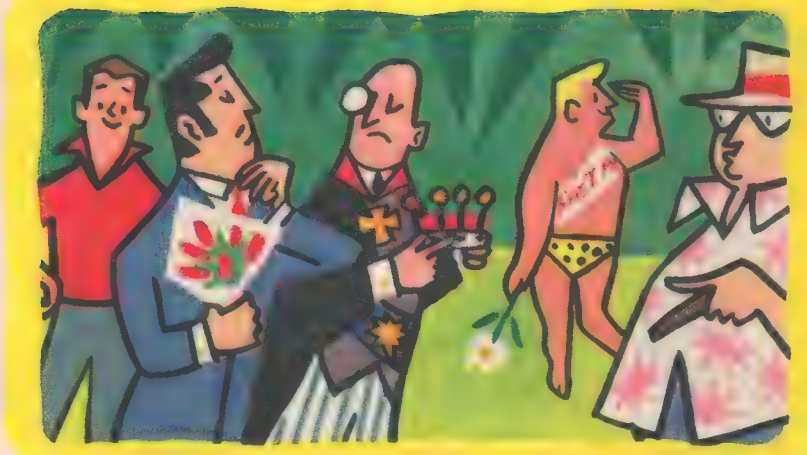
To the woman with the broader foot we extend a *special* invitation this week. By having a personal fitting at your nearest Appointed Portland Agents in any one of the many attractive slenderising styles, we are confident that you will enjoy comfort when walking possibly never experienced by you before.

Look for the SPECIAL DISPLAYS — THIS WEEK

Portland STYLE · COMFORT SHOES

PORTLAND SHOES LTD., (DEPT. 52) LEICESTER

1 This pretty heiress, young and slender,
Flew south for coconuts rich and tender—



2 So fortune hunters, rich and poor,
To south-sea islands went on tour

3 But the only one who used his head
Brought a Bounty — so now they're wed!

4 For the richest coconut by far
Is tender-fresh in a Bounty bar.

MORAL: *Buy a* **BOUNTY** *that's the surest way to a coconut treat. Tender-fresh coconut with full-cream milk chocolate (blue packet) or vanilla chocolate (red packet)*

Only **6d** *— that's* $2\frac{1}{4}$ *oz. for 6d!*

over generally." Crump hesitated. "It's a bit vague, but I get the impression of a plan of campaign, something a bit more subtle than the usual Maula shennanigans. It could be something that Dinamaula has worked out for himself. Or it could be those press chaps, telling him how to go about it."

"Dinamaula's no fool, on his own."

"Educated in England!" answered Crump sourly. "My income tax!"

"I'll fix Dinamaula," said Macmillan brusquely. "And the press, if I have to. A few deportation orders would work wonders. The first one of those lads I hear talking out of turn will end up on the plane for Windhoek. And that goes for Dinamaula, too."

"There's just one thing, Andrew," said Crump.

"What's that?"

"They're in a funny mood." Crump's voice was careful. "So are the regents. So is Dinamaula. It might be a mistake to get too tough."

"The mistake so far," said Andrew Macmillan coldly, "is that we haven't been tough enough. We'll change all that tomorrow. . . ."

A silence altogether too decorous, too perfect, greeted Macmillan as he stepped forward from the shadow of the balcony overlooking the *aboura*, and showed himself to the assembly.

This formal appearance was something which he organized very rarely—once a year at Christmas time, and occasionally when there was some special proclamation to be made, like the King's death or the birth of an heir to the throne; and it should have been a moment of dignity and solemn ceremony.

All the stage-dressing was correct. Behind him, on one line of chairs, sat the three regents—Seralo, Katsaula and Puero—and the chosen headman of the Maulas; level with them on the other side were George Forsdick, his district commissioner, and Llewellyn, the agricultural officer, and Captain Crump, resplendent in freshly pressed khaki uniform, the butt of his revolver gleaming in the sunshine.

Below them, too, the setting was authentic. There was a huge crowd on the *aboura*, ranged in rank according to the custom. There were many policemen, posted like sentinels at the rim of the *aboura*. There was a small knot of press correspondents, including a movie-camera crew which had driven in from Port Victoria the previous night.

THERE was, in fact, everything that the resident commissioner was entitled to see when he summoned the chiefs and the tribesmen to his official *aboura*. There were all the trappings of authority, there was an assembled crowd, there was an air of expectancy. The pedestal-microphone of the public address system stood waiting for him. He had only to raise his hand for a police orderly to come running. He had only to speak, and many hundreds of men and women would listen attentively. . . .

But Andrew Macmillan knew, as soon as he stepped forward, that he had suddenly become a hated man. He felt the sullen, rocklike wall of dislike as soon as he came into full view, and it was enough for him.

It was enough for him in many ways. He had certain things to say that afternoon, and he was going to say them. The people he had to say them to were Maulas—Maulas in a bad mood, but Maulas nonetheless: Maulas whom he had known and loved for thirty years, Maulas whom he distrusted profoundly, Maulas whom he laughed at, Maulas who, a few hours ago, had been engaged, many of them, in a bloody riot on this very *aboura*. (The stabbed headman had died during the night; that meant that there was a murderer loose among the crowd as well.)

"*Ahsula!*" began Andrew Macmillan formally. His deep voice, magnified many times, rolled across the width of the *aboura*, while the absolute stillness continued. "*Ahsula . . .!* I bring you loving greetings from your mother the Queen."

HE spoke in the Maula tongue, and the opening phrase was ceremonial and trite; nevertheless, a murmur of respect greeted his words. To most of the vast throng who heard his greeting, "your mother the Queen" meant Queen Victoria, their true mother, enshrined perpetually in love and honour.

The murmur of homage for the name of the great Queen was the last sound that greeted Macmillan. Thereafter his words—heavy, cold and grim—fell like stones upon a vast silence, the stillness of hatred.

"I have some matters to speak of," he began formally. "Listen, and take heed. . . . There is great unrest here in Gamate. Last night there was fighting against the forces of government, and a headman was killed. He was a man of honour, who had spoken his thoughts freely before the *aboura*, as he was entitled to do. His killing shames the whole tribe. . . . Those taking part in the fighting will be punished. If the man who did the killing is caught, he will be hanged."

The silence grew in intensity as he spoke. Behind him the regents and headmen sat with faces of stone. Crump was frowning, looking straight ahead of him. Forsdick, his red face flushed, stared across the *aboura* to the small crowd of pressmen gathered under the camel thorn tree.

"There are many other heavy matters," continued Macmillan. "Taxes are being paid too slowly. Cattle are being withheld from inspection. There is too much foolish talk, too much rumour. The tribe is divided.

"I say this," he declared, raising his voice, looking about him. "If you have complaints to make against any man or any law, state them according to the custom. Tell your chiefs and headmen. They will tell the regents in council. The regents will tell me. I will listen, and deal justly."

He put his hands on his hips. "But I will not listen to foolishness," he said harshly, "and I will not tolerate disorder. There is to be no more violence in Gamate, no more foolish talk, no more bearing of rumours from hut to hut. That is the way of women. You are men. Behave like men."

Now his whole bearing took on an air of forceful contempt. "Soon you will have a new chief at the head of the tribe. He is not here today"—Macmillan's tone was ironical—"but he knows well what is in my mind. . . . It may be that the idea of a new chief, and what he will do, is unsettling to the tribe. But a new chief in Gamate does not mean new things, nor any great changes. There will be no great changes in the tribe, and nothing will

Solution to the gift problem

CHRISTMAS gifts for friends overseas are a problem. Yet you can solve it easily through JOHN BULL'S *Christmas overseas subscription service. A year's subscription to* JOHN BULL *is a Christmas present that lasts, and it costs only 26s. (21s. 8d. for Canada). Your gift will be announced by a specially designed greetings card bearing your name.*

Send the name and address of your friend (block letters, please) with a crossed cheque, postal or money order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., to Christmas Subscriptions, The Publisher, JOHN BULL, *57 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Do it without delay, for Christmas mails to distant parts of the world leave Britain early.*

Proof against Boiling Water

VALSPAR

2-4 HOUR LACQUER

The enamel that boiling water made famous

★ NO KNOTTING, PRIMING OR UNDERCOATING REQUIRED

★ EASILY APPLIED, DRIES IN 2-4 HOURS

★ FOR ALL SURFACES, INCLUDING LINO & TILES

★ SPECIALLY FORMULATED FOR LARGE OR SMALL AREAS

Introducing

The *NEW* luxury finish—not costly

VALSPAR

4-8 Hour **LUSTRE FINISH**

For all Types of interior surfaces

Other VALSPAR specialities you will find of the greatest interest are: VALSPAR 2-3 Hour Emulsion Flat, 2-4 Hour Clear-Varnish and High-Gloss Wood Stain, 8 Hour Gloss Paint and Anti-Sea-Water Yacht Varnish.

To: GOODLASS, WALL & CO., LTD. 179/185 (F.10) Great Portland Street, London, W.1

Please send me a free copy of the Valspar Handbook giving full details of all Valspar Paints.

NAME_____
BLOCK CAPITALS

ADDRESS_____

Make it or Mend it—you can't go wrong!

MAKE MODELS

Rawlplug Plastic Wood is of enormous help in modelling. Intricate shapes and curves become easy. You apply it like putty; when dry it's WOOD—can be sawn, planed or polished.

RAWLPLUG **PLASTIC WOOD**

Tubes 1/- Tins from 2/3

MEND MODELS

Durofix is a strong, colourless adhesive that sticks almost anything to anything with a practically invisible join. Being heat-proof and waterproof, Durofix is ideal for repairing crockery, china and glass.

RAWLPLUG **DUROFIX**

Tubes from 9d Tins from 2/9

DRILL BRICK

You'll drill brick, tile, cement, etc., with astonishing ease and speed by using a Rawlplug Durium-tipped Drill. Can be used in hand or suitable electric drills.

RAWLPLUG **DURIUM-tipped DRILLS**

FROM YOUR IRONMONGER OR HARDWARE STORE

9521

THE RAWLPLUG COMPANY LIMITED · LONDON · S.W.7

SWEET BLISS – A CARAMET!

Creamy caramel. Covered in delicious milk chocolate – (Fry's of course). Blending together in perfect bliss. Not too hard. Not too soft. Not too big. Not too small. And with sixteen for every sixpence, what a lot to share. Buy some TODAY.

NOW 16 for 6D

Also 3d pack

A HOT MEAL – 'easy-to-do'

...and it's rich, tender steak!

You only have to prepare the vegetables to serve this delicious hot meal. Libby's Stewed Steak is already cooked and only needs heating. As well as a time-saver, it's a money-saver too because Libby's is all best meat, cooked in its own juices.

Another 'Easy-to-do' Recipe
SCALLOPED STEAK

Fry 2 sliced onions in dripping until tender. Add ½ lb. peeled tomatoes and 1 tin Libby's Stewed Steak. Cook gently for 10 minutes. Add seasoning. Put two spoonfuls of the Steak Mixture into greased scallop shells. Arrange cooked sliced potatoes on top. Dot each with dripping and place under grill until brown.

Libby's

STEWED STEAK

Ready when you are – keep a tin handy

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY LTD., FORUM HOUSE, 15 & 16 LIME STREET, LONDON, E.C.3.

MY SISTER

Sheila

ONE of my earliest recollections of Sheila is of the two of us appearing in one of the first talking films to be made in England, called *Christmas Story*. I was six at the time, and the script demanded that I lift Sheila, aged four, out of her cot to see Father Christmas.

She has always been chubby, and it took a tremendous effort. She dropped a box of paints given to her by Father Christmas and insisted on picking up every single one. This must have taken up hundreds of feet of film. The only copy of *Christmas Story* was burned in a fire some years later, for which we are both truly grateful.

Even at the age of nine or ten Sheila loved organizing me and our friends into cycle rallies and displays of prowess on our asphalt tennis court. In fact, any sort of vehicle has always interested her enormously.

She persuaded a young aunt of ours to take part in a perilous display which included riding our cycles without using hands. The aunt, naturally enough, plunged headlong into a huge rose bush. Sheila and I spent the rest of the afternoon apologetically pulling the thorns from her clothing and limbs.

Sheila had an uncanny knack of always falling over or falling off things. One winter we went ski-ing. There wasn't enough room for both of us in the first ski-lift, so Sheila went on ahead. When I came up a few minutes later, I was amazed to pass over my sister struggling in a snow drift some feet below. As I had no desire to fall out of the lift and join her, all I could do was to wave and smile as I was whisked past.

My sister was always mad on cars, but our father would not let her learn to drive because, he said, she would not make a good driver. However, there came a time when he was away from home for a while and, after his return, he somehow assumed that Sheila had been taught to drive by our mother in the meantime.

They had to go to Brighton together, and near the town Father said to Sheila: "I'm very tired. You drive." Sheila settled nervously into the driving seat and drove the rest of the way. "Get a move on!" Father kept on telling her.

It was only when they arrived, and I greeted them with amazement when I saw Sheila stepping out of the driver's seat, that she confessed to Father that she had never driven before in her life.

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS SISTER? See page 56

be done that is against the custom. . . . That I tell you plainly, so that there may be no more doubt."

A thousand pairs of eyes gazed back at him as he spoke the last few phrases. All knew that he talked of the chief's marriage, and that his words were very heavy.

But the heaviest were still to come.

"It may be," Macmillan went on, slowly and weightily, "that the idea of a new chief, and new prospects, is too unsettling, and divides the tribe. I will consider that matter. . . . If it seems to me that the tribe is deeply divided, and the moment for change is not yet come, I will ask your mother the Queen to wait some time before the new chief is proclaimed."

He paused for a long moment, hands still on hips, his bleak face stern and unbending. Then he said: "That is all. The *aboura* is ended. . . ."

That night it was George Forsdick, the district commisioner, who telephoned him, towards midnight. Macmillan had been waiting for the call, ready dressed, his car and driver alerted; nonetheless, the sound of the telephone shrilling through the silent house startled him painfully. He put his hand on his hammering heart, glad that there was no one to witness his weakness. He must be getting really old. . . .

Then he lifted the receiver. "R.C.," he said.

"It's me," said Forsdick immediately.

His voice was urgent, clear of alcohol, tense with feeling. "I'm at the tax office. I think you'd better come down, Andrew."

"What is it this time?"

"They've fired some huts at the back of the *aboura*. It's all under control now. But the police are having a tough time, breaking up the fighting."

"Where's Crump?"

"Outside somewhere."

"Hasn't he got enough men?"

"Yes. He had them all standing-to, like you said. But part of the Dinamaula regiment made a diversion, somewhere up by the hospital, and then another gang started setting light to the huts. There were about a dozen of them burning before the police could get back on the job."

Macmillan heard an odd, fading note in Forsdick's voice, as if he had turned his head away. Then it came back again, in full strength. "Now that's funny," said Forsdick, puzzled, "it's suddenly gone absolutely quiet outside."

"I thought I heard a shot," said Macmillan, with foreboding.

"So did I," said Forsdick. "But there was such a hell of a noise across there. . . ."

They both waited, in the charged silence. "I was right," said Forsdick presently. "It's all gone as dead as a doornail."

"I'll come down," said Macmillan. "Wait for me by the tax office door."

It took him a minute to get to his car, five minutes to drive down to the town, another minute to cross the *aboura*—but already an unearthly stillness had settled over Gamate. His headlights picked out a few shadowy figures here and there, but they melted soundlessly into the cover of the grey trees and the huts, as he passed. Near the tax office a hut was still burning, and there was an acrid smell of smoke. All else was profoundly still.

Forsdick ran out as the car drew up at the tax office. "Someone's been

"BOOTH'S GIN and TONIC"

For all gin drinks ask for BOOTH'S There is only ONE BEST

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

GIN DISTILLERS BOOTH'S DISTILLERIES LIMITED

How much time do you waste— SHAVING ?

Grumbling wastes time, so do old-time methods with a tough beard or a sore skin. LANOLIVE Brushless Shave Cream tames the toughest beard and wastes no time. You'll get the fastest, smoothest, most trouble-free shave with Lanolive Brushless Shave Cream. Its content of Lanolin, Olive Oil and Glycerine (to soothe the skin) has also the wonderful G-14 Anti-Bacterial Additive to guard your skin against germs, plus Chlorophyll to freshen! No more soreness risk; (Ask your Doctor;) Just damp your face, spread on Lanolive Brushless and you'll shave in a jiffy. Get a 2/3d. tube TODAY, or invest in the Economical Monster Tube for 3/3d. Terrific Value.

LanOlive BRUSHLESS SPEED SHAVE

AMAZING LOW-PRICE OFFER!
TO "JOHN BULL" READERS

ODHAMS
Road Atlas
OF GREAT BRITAIN

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY ROAD USER

MOST UP TO DATE OF ITS KIND!

FOR ROAD USE, HOME OR OFFICE

Gives Latest Route Number Changes

HURRY! This may be your last opportunity to secure—at such a remarkably low price—the most convenient, "see-at-glance" Road Atlas ever published! Whether you travel for business or pleasure you can't afford to be without Odhams Road Atlas—**saves time and petrol, adds to the pleasure of every run** by showing at a glance where you want to go, and the best way to get there! Brings you, in handy quick-reference form, maps covering the whole of Great Britain. Scale: 6 miles to 1 inch. All maps in 4 colours. First-class and second-class roads shown in distinctive colours; road numbers, names, etc., in bold type. Ideal for planning week-end runs or holiday tours; invaluable for business use—shows cities, towns and villages, with population guide. **96 pages of sectional maps, double-spread map of London, large plans of chief towns. Distance Calculator; lighting-up table. 48-page index with 12,000 references.** Strictly limited supply—apply NOW! Standard Edition, bookcloth, **11/6**, or **De Luxe, durable leathercloth,** at nominal extra cost of only **1/6**. Prices include postage, packing, insurance, etc. Post form TODAY!

Astounding VALUE! YOURS for only 11/6

160 HANDY SIZE PAGES

96 FULL PAGE SECTIONAL MAPS

LARGE SCALE - 6 MILES TO ONE INCH

SEND NO MONEY NOW!

DO THIS NOW!

Simply complete form and post in 2d. stamped, unsealed envelope to **Dept. J.31, Odhams Press Ltd., 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.2.** Offer applies in U.K. and Eire only, closes Oct. 27. NO RISK! NO OBLIGATION!

FULL SATISFACTION GUARANTEE

WITHOUT OBLIGATION reserve me **"Odhams Road Atlas of Great Britain"** and send invoice with **100 per cent Guarantee—Full Satisfaction or No Charge.**

Cross out edition NOT required: **STANDARD / DE LUXE.**

USE BLOCK LETTERS

NAME.....

Full Postal ADDRESS.....

Firmly affix 2d. stamp in margin

J.31. 13.10.56.....

shot," he said, his voice queerly constrained. "A Maula kid of about ten. Back there by the burning hut. Then they all ran away. That's what the sudden silence was."

"Who did the shooting?"

"Only Crump has a gun," said Forsdick.

Macmillan called out to his driver: "Turn the car. Point the lights *there*." As the man obeyed, and the car's headlights swivelled, he walked towards the knot of men, standing and kneeling, who had suddenly come into view.

The headlights and the flickering fire from the burning hut showed him a scene full of menace and ill omen. A Maula child, half-naked, lay on the ground, in the ungainly stillness of death, the blood already drying on the deep wound in his throat. Crump and a policeman were looking down at him. By their side was Tulbach Browne, and Clandestine Lebourget who, even as Macmillan approached, took a flashlight photograph of the scene and then walked away while his eyes were still blinded. Kneeling beside the dead child, murmuring gently, was a white-habited figure—Father Hawthorne.

"Keith," called out Macmillan as he drew near.

Crump turned slowly. In the lamplight, his face was stricken. There was blood on his tunic, sweat on his overwrought face. It was the first time that Macmillan had ever seen him less than cheerful, less than lively, and the change was mortal.

"He did it himself. . . ." Crump's voice was constricted, and he cleared his throat. "He was in the crowd when we charged. He must have

GOODNESS—4

To be good is noble, but to teach others how to be good is nobler—and less trouble.

Mark Twain

reached up and tried to take the gun from my holster. It went off as he pulled it out."

"Are you sure?" asked Macmillan harshly.

"Certain!" said Crump, a little more strongly. He raised his arm, and wiped some of the blood off his chest. "I had a cane in my right hand. This cane. I never went near the gun. There wasn't any need."

There was a sudden movement nearby, and they all turned. A woman on the edge of the clearing, silhouetted by the burning hut, was shouting and wrestling with one of the policemen, seeking to evade his grasp. Macmillan called out: "Let her through," and she shambled forward at an unsteady run, her voice breaking into piercing screams as she saw the body of the child on the ground. Then she threw herself down, in whimpering agony, by the side of the corpse.

Father Hawthorne raised his head. "May God forgive you all," he intoned.

In the deep foreboding silence, there came Tulbach Browne's stony voice. He said: "It does seem a curious way to run a country. . . ."

For forty-eight hours there was no more violence in Gamate. Two days passed with no ripple breaking the surface of the troubled pool that was Gamate township. Then, on the third night, after a brooding, malevolent respite, rioting broke out again.

It started with a Maula girl child, who was taken to hospital with acute pleurisy. She reached hospital too late, and died during the afternoon. Word instantly spread—so Crump told Macmillan later—that the child had been poisoned, so cruelly that the whole corpse was blue, and that all Maula children would be so disposed of, one by one, till the entire tribe disappeared and the white men ruled a deserted village.

Windows were broken at the hospital; a car taking some nurses to work from their hostel was overturned and set on fire, and the girls themselves manhandled. A police charge produced a crop of broken skulls, two stabbings, and furious resentment throughout the tribe.

The child's body was stolen from the hospital and paraded through the huts, with screams and wailings from the women such as Gamate had never heard before. Thousands of people broke the curfew, and the police, powerless to enforce it, were taunted and mocked intolerably.

Andrew Macmillan rang the governor at midnight, after a tour of the huts in his car, and a brave, fruitless appeal for order. He was calm, following a nerve-stretching half-hour during which anything might have happened; but his intense weariness induced a sense of doom which the sound of the telephone endlessly ringing and ringing, two hundred miles away in Port Victoria, seemed to crystallize.

Sir Elliott Vere-Toombs awoke swiftly to crisis. He had been irritable, when first he was called from his bed to answer the telephone; during the past forty-eight hours the Scheduled Territories Office had been plaguing him with excerpts from the London papers, coupled with requests for information to combat a totally adverse press; and his staff—notably Aidan Purves-Brownrigg—had filled in the gaps with minutes, memoranda, draft cables, and the steady pressure of eager subordinates.

But, as Andrew Macmillan painted his picture, in a few brisk, foreboding words, the governor progressed quickly to energy and decision.

"I'm not surprised," he said presently, when Macmillan reached the end of his recital. "There's a good deal of unrest here, too, a decided undercurrent. . . ." He paused. Then he asked: "How is your telephone manned, Andrew?"

"I'm at the police post, sir," answered Macmillan. "I've got a policeman on the switchboard—one of Crump's sergeants. The line's clear at this end."

The governor nodded to himself. At his end also, the privacy of their exchange was assured; the call was routed by direct line through the secretariat switchboard, which Aidan, on his own initiative, had now organized on a twenty-four hour basis.

"That's all right, then. . . . What do you suggest, Andrew?"

"I'd like you to talk personally to Dinamaula. He's the key point in all this."

"Is he active?"

"Not openly. But behind the scenes I think he's doing a lot of manoeuvring and organizing. So are the press boys, though it's almost impossible to pin them down. Dinamaula himself needs to be taken out of this altogether."

"How do you mean, 'taken out'?"

"I'd like to send him down to you, sir. And I'd like him kept in Port Victoria, until things quieten down a bit."

There was a long silence on the wire. Across two hundred miles of parched, arid scrub, now cooling after a day of fierce heat, both men were listening and thinking.

The governor spoke, far away from the crude scene being played around Macmillan, but blessedly aware of its menace. "All right, Andrew," he said briskly. "Send Dinamaula down to me. I'll keep him here until things have a chance to cool off. We'll

MY SISTER SHEILA

See page 55

Sheila Van Damm, the famous Rally car driver, is Miss Nona Van Damm's sister

Pick and span

Φ7A

Pick the garment with this label

Behind that Pick label there's a good pullover. Warm. Smart. Keeps in shape. Choose Pick pullovers, slipovers, cardigans, swimwear for men; jerseys, pullovers for children.

J. PICK & SONS LIMITED, LEICESTER

CATARRH and BRONCHITIS

Penetrating, drop by drop, like a dripping tap

Catarrh and bronchitis are caused by microbes which collect in the cavities of your nose and throat. Drop by drop, the germ infected mucus spreads its effects throughout your system.

Lantigen 'B' held in the mouth before swallowing starts an immunizing process at the actual point of infection.

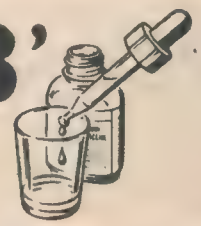
Although a vaccine, Lantigen 'B' is NOT INJECTED BUT TAKEN IN WATER LIKE ORDINARY MEDICINE. Lantigen 'B' stimulates the natural protective forces of the body to counteract invading microbes responsible for bronchitis and catarrh, and neutralizes the germ poisons they produce. It also assists in building up immunity to further attacks. Lantigen 'B' is prepared by skilled bacteriologists under medical direction.

'After one course I was 100% clear'

So said Mr. P. B. of Newcastle, who had been a sufferer from catarrh since childhood. He is one of thousands who write to tell us about the blessed relief they have obtained by using Lantigen 'B'.

Lantigen 'B' is suitable for young and old. The recommended treatment costs only a few pence a day and can be purchased from your chemist at 25/9 a bottle. Free leaflet from chemists, or from Lantigen (England) Ltd., Pinewood, Bagshot, Surrey.

Lantigen 'B'



ORAL VACCINE TREATMENT

OVER 5,000,000 BOTTLES OF LANTIGEN SOLD

When your job gets on your nerves

You know those mornings when you feel you just can't cope with a day's work. You feel irritable and depressed. You can't concentrate. You worry. Your mind refuses to work. You just want to go back home to bed.

That's the time to take a couple of Yeast-Vite tablets. Try them. See how quickly they make you feel better. How efficiently they soothe your nerves and give you confidence. Make you feel you can carry on. Try Yeast-Vite for yourself next time you need a pick-me-up.

YEAST-VITE

The Lightning Pick-me-up

TABLETS

now in the new handy slide pack 1/9 also in bottles 4/-

Why **YEAST-VITE** *acts so fast*

Yeast-Vite contains three vital ingredients; ***phenacetin*** *to soothe your nerves, disperse headaches and relieve rheumatic pains;* ***caffeine*** *to give an immediate 'lift'; and, to build up vitality,* ***yeast*** *—the perfect natural source of Vitamin B.*

YV12R

'Yeast-Vite' is a registered trade mark

Yours for 4/6d Weekly
Cash Price £7.10.0
Def'd Terms £7.17.6
S.S. of Coventry reports:
"Over £200 worth of work... Am expanding business beyond all expectations."
Just one of the hundreds of testimonials proving what Adana makes possible for ambitious people young or old.

PRINTING can earn you EXTRA CASH!

Yes, there's EXTRA CASH waiting for the man, woman or boy who owns an ADANA and makes a hobby of PRINTING. Many have already found it the way to make pleasure really profitable. It's the hobby that has everything . . . *including unlimited scope for ambitious people*! To start you off, here's the latest addition to the ADANA family . . . the ADANA "Five-Three," a real wonder which, for its size and price, has an unbelievable potential both in variety of work, quantity and quality of production. It costs you nothing to find out all the facts.

SEND NO MONEY

Write (or phone Popesgrove 3655) NOW for full FREE particulars and samples of work actually printed on the ADANA "Five-Three" to

ADANA (PRINTING MACHINES) LTD.

Dept. JB6, Church Street, TWICKENHAM

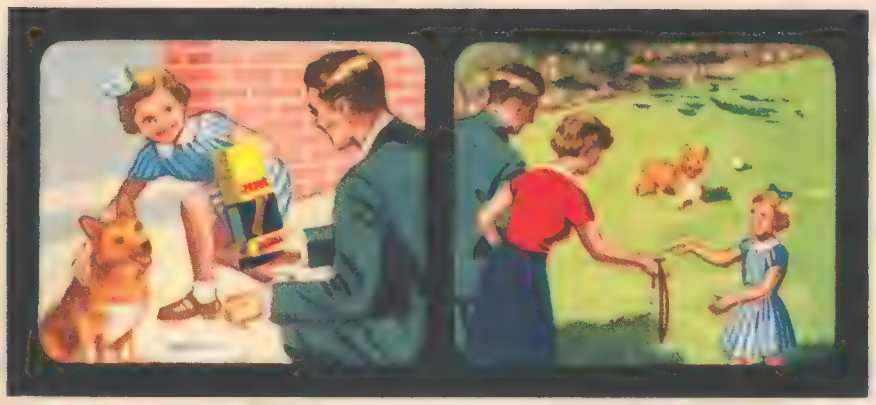
Peter loves Susan again!

"Peter won't play . . . I don't think he likes me any more!"

WHAT SUSAN'S DADDY THOUGHT:
"He certainly isn't so friendly with Susan now . . . I'll talk to Mr. Green about it."

AT MR. GREEN'S SHOP
" He gets plenty to eat—and we always give him what we have ourselves"

"You are ruining his digestion with soft food! A dog should have hard biteable food; now feed him on Spratt's Dog Biscuits and see the difference."



Mr. Green said "Try him on Spratt's 'Bonio'— and Spratt's 'Mixed Ovals' for the other meal of the day." Quickly Daddy–another BONIO please!

A FEW WEEKS LATER
"Look Mummy, Peter wants me to take him out. Isn't he a nice doggy now?". Mummy thinks "Good old Spratt's".

LOOK at your dog's powerful jaws and magnificent teeth, designed to crush and grind his food. Would you say he needs a soft diet of table scraps and mushy foods *or the good "solid-bite" diet that Spratt's Bonio Biscuits provide?*

SPRATT'S "BONIO" (Regd)

The bone-shaped Biscuit that's Fun as well as Food!

In 1/2 packets and 2/4 cartons

SPRATT'S PATENT LIMITED, 41-47 BOW ROAD, LONDON, E.3

Suck a delicious MURRAYMINT flavoured (ever so discreetly) with a hint of mint. MURRAYMINTS have a taste you never tire of. They're mellow, refreshing and very long lasting. Everybody loves MURRAYMINTS so always keep some handy.

Murraymints

the too-good-to-hurry mints

–with a delicious hint of mint!

"You'll need more than facts to convince me"

make out an Order-in-Council, if necessary."

"When shall I send him?"

"Now," said the governor.

"I can't spare Crump," said Macmillan, "or Forsdick either."

"Llewellyn will do," said the governor. "Write out a formal letter of instruction, signed by you, on my behalf. Dinamaula is to come down to Port Victoria, forthwith"—the unlikely word crackled over the wire—"*forthwith*, for personal consultation with me. He is to come by himself, with no attendants of any kind. He is to be conducted by Mr. Llewellyn, agricultural adviser, who is nominated as my personal representative."

"Yes, sir," said Andrew Macmillan again.

"See the regents again tomorrow," said the far-away voice. "Tell them there's to be no more nonsense. Tell them that unless things quieten down again, there'll be another Order-in-Council, imposing martial law on Gamate. Then they'll find themselves out of a job altogether."

"Yes, sir."

"Don't give anything at all to the press."

"No, sir."

"Let me know tomorrow how you get on with the regents." The governor's voice was fading. "How soon will Dinamaula be in Port Victoria?"

"If he starts by one o'clock," said Macmillan, "he should be there by breakfast time."

"The sooner the better," said the governor. "Allow him twenty minutes to pack. . . . Good night, Andrew."

"Good night, sir." The line was already dead as Macmillan replaced the receiver. . . .

Llewellyn, the agricultural officer, was not the prototype of a brave man. But he was a small Welshman with a job to do, and that was enough to take the place of valour.

Leaving the engine of his truck still running, he walked up the short path to the hut of Dinamaula, a single piece of paper in his hand. The hut stood well back from the *aboura*, but even here the tumult could be heard in angry waves of sound.

A hanger-on—perhaps a guard—moved to intercept him as he approached. He said: "Get out of my way, damn you!" and then, calling more loudly: "Chief!"

"Who is it?" came Dinamaula's voice from within.

"Mr. Llewellyn," answered Llewellyn.

"Come in, please," said Dinamaula.

THE hut was well lighted, with candles and flaring kerosene lamps. Inside were five people: Dinamaula, lying seemingly exhausted on his couch, Puero, lolling in a corner; and three pressmen—Axel Hallmarck, Tulbach Browne, and Pikkie Joubert. Bottles of beer and whisky were littered haphazard on a rush mat at their feet.

Llewellyn looked slowly round the hut.

"I would like to speak to you alone, Chief," he said after a pause.

"I am with my friends," said Dinamaula coldly.

"Very well. . . ." Llewellyn proffered the piece of paper. "This is an order from the governor," he said formally.

Dinamaula reached out his hand and took the piece of paper. Llewellyn was suddenly made aware of the vulgarity of the moment, as first Puero, then Tulbach Browne, then Hallmarck and Joubert, leaned across to read what was on it.

After a long pause, Tulbach Browne said: "This is completely unconstitutional."

Llewellyn was looking at Dinamaula, and only at Dinamaula. He saw a deep shadow cross the other man's face, as if some sudden thought, too heavy for words, had reached his tired brain.

Then Dinamaula raised his eyes. "This comes as a surprise," said Dinamaula. "I am not prepared for travel."

"I will give you time to pack," said Llewellyn.

"Do not go," said Puero contemptuously. He was, as usual, somewhat affected by liquor. "This man," he gestured crudely, "can wait till morning."

"We must start tonight," said Llewellyn evenly.

"Who says so?" asked Tulbach Browne.

"It is an order from the governor," said Llewellyn.

A new voice now made itself heard. It was Axel Hallmarck. "But what's it mean, for God's sake?" he asked. "Is he being deported?"

"He is going to Port Victoria for consultation with the governor."

"Do not go," said Puero again.

Dinamaula rose to his feet. His face was tired, his slight body drooping. Instinctively Llewellyn knew that the other man had been thinking swiftly, and that his thinking had led him to a pre-ordained conclusion.

Dinamaula asked: "Have you a car?"

"All is ready," answered Llewellyn. "But what about your packing?"

Dinamaula shook his head. "I will pack nothing," he said coldly.

"I never thought I'd see this, anywhere in the world today," said Axel Hallmarck.

Pikkie Joubert, sweating and owlish with drink, spoke for the first time. "Man!" he proclaimed, "you can't do this, not even to a native."

Tulbach Browne said, looking at the piece of paper, which he had been careful to retain: "Even if the chief goes, there's an implied undertaking that he'll come back to Gamate again, as soon as he's seen the governor. Isn't that so?"

Llewellyn said nothing.

"I am ready," said Dinamaula to Llewellyn. Then he paused, as if remembering something. "But I make a formal protest," he said, in a strange, almost theatrical voice, "against being ordered to leave my home in this irregular way." Then he brushed past Llewellyn, and with bent head walked through the door of the hut, and towards the waiting truck.

Llewellyn followed closely, aware of the thin knife-edge of his authority, alert for any new move. But none came, and within a few moments the two of them, settled in the truck, had set off down the bumpy road leading out of the town. The headlights dipped and wavered, the dust scattered as they passed; while behind them the din of shouting and violence rose and fell in ugly, senseless crescendo.

To be continued next week

The one that got away

Continued from page 31

the Cumberland shepherd. The man was William Youdale, a sheep farmer, then of Hazel Head Farm. He had been driving his sheep back to his farm when he saw a man come out of the bracken and gorse on The Pike, a sharp-pointed hill, 1,200 feet high, overlooking the Duddon Valley on the Cumberland side. The man walked along the side of a fell wall about half a mile away in full view of him.

With his dogs, Youdale drove the sheep into the nearest "allotment"—a wall-enclosed field—and hurried to Bleak Haw to call back the searchers. He was able to keep the man under observation, and was glad to see him climb over a wall running round the base of Hesk Fell. The fell extends a great distance, rises to nearly 1,600 feet and is completely bare.

Nevertheless, by the time the search party got up the hill, the man had disappeared. Mr. Youdale was embarrassed.

"Two minutes ago he was walking round the side of the fell, yonder," he said, "about twenty-five yards inside the wall. He's simply vanished."

Superintendent Brown looked from the shepherd to the bare fell and back again. "What did he look like?"

"He was about five foot six, had no hat or coat. He came out of cover on The Pike soon after you went down the hill."

The search party walked over a couple of fields to Hesk Fell. The man was not hiding behind the wall. There was no sign of him. There were no trees and no bracken where he could have hidden.

The soldiers and police, including the constable with the bloodhounds, spread out at the base of the fell. A whistle blew and they moved forward in line. There was a certain amount of ill-humour and chaffing, and sidelong glances at Mr. Youdale. A man can't disappear on an open fell with only close-cropped Cumberland turf for cover.

The line moved forward slowly. Mr. Youdale remained near the starting point with his dogs. He was joined by two other men, John Staples and C. V. Rawnsley. The line moved farther and farther away, and the three men could no longer hear the searchers' voices.

Mr. Youdale was very uncomfortable. "He *must* be there somewhere," he said.

Then, as they watched the backs of the searchers, Mr. Staples noticed a slight movement among some tufts of coarser grass on a patch of damp ground only twenty yards from where they stood.

"Look!" he exclaimed.

He ran to the spot. The damp patch looked firm, but he sank ankle-deep in mud and water.

He almost trod on the man before he saw him.

"Here he is!"

Oberleutnant Franz von Werra was

How to stop Headaches FAST

There are many tablets for the relief of pain. Some act quite quickly but the effect rapidly wears off. Others contain drugs which must be taken only under the watchful eye of a doctor.

But 'Anadin' is different. Why? Millions now know that nothing acts faster than 'Anadin', and that with 'Anadin', the relief of pain is long lasting and that it is safe. This is because in 'Anadin' you get the *speed* of aspirin—and after the aspirin, the relief is continued by phenacetin.

But 'Anadin' does more than relieve pain quickly and for a long time . . . 'Anadin' enthusiasts will tell you that 'Anadin' lifts the depression which so often accompanies pain. The caffeine and quinine in 'Anadin' rapidly bring you a sense of buoyant well-being.

What sort of pain does 'Anadin' stop? All sorts! Headaches, rheumatic aches, nervous and muscular pains, neuralgia, toothache, period pain and the feverish depression of colds and 'flu.

Whatever you have been taking, try 'Anadin' Tablets next time. Buy the handy little carton now and carry it with you. Then, whenever pain comes on, take just two of these easily swallowed little tablets and *stop* the pain and lift the depression too. 'Anadin' in your pocket or handbag really give you the power to stop pain—fast!

20 tablets for 1/10d. or 50 for 3/8d.

From all Chemists

NO T.V. SET IS TOO OLD

for the

WOLSEY

BAND III CONVERTOR

It's tip-top value at 9½ GNS.

It doesn't matter how old your set is or what make, the Wolsey convertor will give you* excellent reception of I.T.V. programmes. The connections are simple, and can be made in a few minutes. Please ask your dealer to give you full details or in case of difficulty please write to . . .

WOLSEY TELEVISION LIMITED
CRAY AVENUE, ST. MARY CRAY, KENT
Telephone: Orpington 26661/2/3/4
(Electronics Division, Gas Purification & Chemical Co. Ltd.)

* In some districts even stronger than your Band I picture.

IT'S TIME FOR CRUNCH

Fry's NEW milk chocolate sensation!

2 oz 6d

Milk chocolate with golden honeycomb crisp!

Mother does know best...

She buys the IZAL Roll—because the tissue is soft, smooth . . . and *strong* . . . because it is the only roll medicated with IZAL Germicide. Give *your* family this extra protection —get the IZAL Roll today.

ASK FOR THE IZAL ROLL

BRITAIN'S LARGEST-SELLING TOILET ROLL

lying on his back, his body and arms sunk in the mud, with only his white, freshly shaven face showing between two clumps of coarse grass.

A few minutes later he was handcuffed.

This time he did not get away.

Von Werra was immediately searched for arms. The only lethal weapon he carried was a bone-handled table knife, converted into a business-like dagger by filing and whetting, with which he had hoped to kill chickens and, perhaps, a sheep for food.

His pockets also yielded a cocoa tin containing shaving gear; another tin containing the remainder of his "iron rations," a bar and a half of chocolate; his Iron Cross; the insignia cut off his uniform, in order to prove his identity in case he got into serious difficulties while escaping; several apples; and about three shillings in cash.

The home-made compass, the map, the list of prisoners and coded notes on military and intelligence matters were not found. He kept them in a separate tin, which he probably buried in the mud as soon as he was found.

Von Werra said little, and merely shrugged his shoulders when he was handcuffed to P.C. Patterson. He ignored the glances and comments of the troops and police surrounding him. His clothes and hair were covered with slimy mud. But when the party set off down the hill to the Travellers' Rest, he walked briskly, his head erect and his shoulders back. His jackboots squelched at each step.

At the inn, Superintendent Brown arranged for the prisoner to be given a cup of tea. It was strong, hot and sweet. A soldier gave him a cigarette. As he sipped the tea and smoked, the reaction to his recapture, to the strain, exposure, hunger and physical exhaustion of the five days he had been on the run, slowly overcame him.

He felt empty and light-headed. He became aware that his muscles ached, that his joints were stiff. His very bones ached with fatigue. His eyelids smarted and were leaden, and there was a dull throbbing at the back of his head. If only he could sleep!

ON the way to Ulverston police station, Superintendent Brown asked him why he had escaped. He replied simply: "It is the duty of a German officer to escape if he can."

At the police station, where the handcuffs were removed, von Werra was questioned by the police officer who had been in charge of search operations.

The policeman was very interested to know how many people von Werra had seen or spoken to while he had been at liberty. The German realized that he was trying to find out whether he had received any outside help. Von Werra was able to reassure him on that point; apart from the two members of the Home Guard who captured him temporarily, he had spoken to nobody.

The policeman showed him a pile of telephoned messages from members of the public reporting they had seen the fugitive. "You have given a lot of people a lot of trouble," he said.

He produced a large-scale map of the area and asked the prisoner if he could trace the route he had taken. Von Werra grasped the purpose of this: the policeman wanted to find out how and where he had broken through the cordon, so that the gap could be stopped in any future escape from Grizedale Hall.

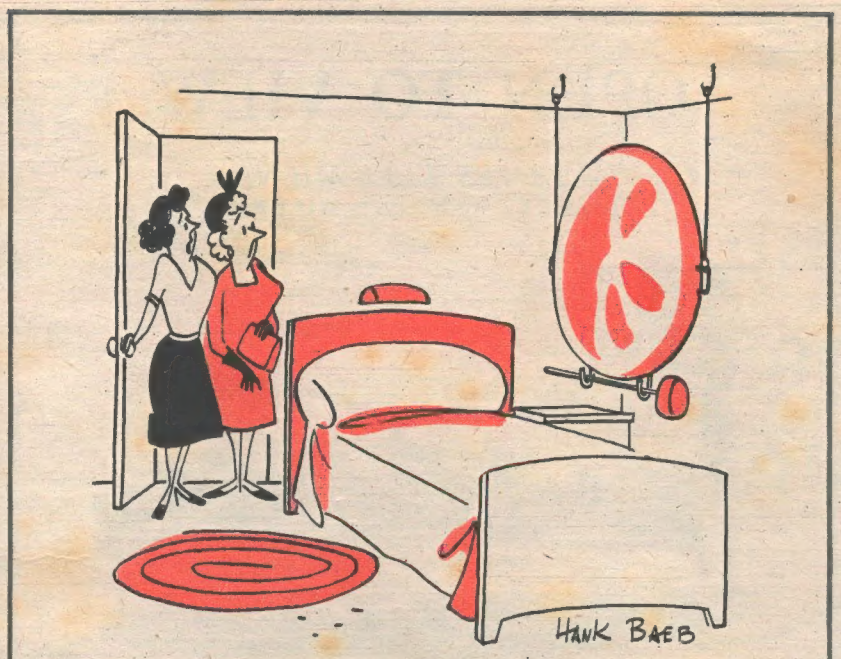
Von Werra studied the map closely, then said it was impossible for him to trace his route on the map: place names meant nothing to him.

The policeman eyed him closely. He evidently did not believe von Werra, but did not press the point.

The interview was over. Von Werra's head was nodding, and soon his chin dropped on to his chest. He was allowed to sleep until the escort arrived to take him back to Grizedale Hall.

On his return to the camp, he was taken before the commandant, who was correct without being friendly, business-like without being brusque.

Von Werra was sentenced to twenty-one days' close confinement for attempting to escape. He was asked if he had anything to say or any complaint to make about the guards or the other prisoners, and replied that he had none.



"Arthur spent his holiday at home this year"

He was allowed to take a shower bath and was given a change of clothes. Partly dressed, he was taken to the camp medical officer, who examined him thoroughly. He had lost weight, but the only thing he was suffering from was exhaustion. Apart from that, he was tougher and fitter than before he escaped.

He was taken to a cell in the basement, given a meal and left alone. The bed was hard and narrow, but as he flopped out on it and covered himself with blankets it seemed to him the height of luxury.

He was awakened next morning when a German orderly, escorted by guards, brought in his breakfast. There was a plate of porridge, several hunks of bread with a little margarine and marmalade, and an enamel can containing tea.

The can had a dome-shaped, detachable lid, which served as a cup. When the orderly put the tray down on a little table, his back to the door and the guards, he tapped on the lid of the can and winked.

As soon as he was alone again, von Werra examined it. A groove ran round the inside of the lid, and a disc of cardboard, covered with margarine wrapping, had been fitted into it. Underneath was a wealth of treasure: notes written by his friends on small, rectangular sheets of tissue paper; several cigarettes individually wrapped to ensure they would not be spoiled by the steam rising off the tea; a little packet of non-safety matches; a stub of pencil and sheets of paper for his replies.

Thanks to the tea-can lid, he was able to keep in touch with his friends throughout his sentence. Thus he learned that a group of prisoners, including Major Fanelsa, the senior German officer, had been transferred to another prison camp.

Two days before he was due to be released from close confinement, von Werra was handed a kit-bag and the few belongings he had left behind in the camp when he escaped. He was told to be ready to leave immediately after breakfast. He was to be taken to another camp "farther south—somewhere in the Midlands."

At about nine o'clock he was handcuffed to a corporal and then, escorted by a captain, led out into the courtyard where a weapons carrier was waiting to take them to the station.

Somehow the other prisoners had got to hear that he was leaving and had gathered at the upper windows of the house. The instant he stepped out of the side door they started cheering and waving.

At first, von Werra had welcomed the news that he was to be sent to another camp. His three weeks' close confinement had in some ways been more of a strain than his interrogation at Cockfosters soon after being shot down. Any change, he felt, was a change for the better.

The train journey gave him plenty of time to speculate on his new destination. It was long and tedious owing to delays and diversions caused by bomb damage at several points along the line. He and his escort travelled in reserved compartments with the blinds drawn.

What would the new camp be like? A *Straflager*, probably—a punishment camp reserved for recalcitrant prisoners. Conditions would certainly be tougher, security measures more strict, than at Grizedale Hall. But he was determined to escape again. The exhilaration of his five days of freedom on the fells was not easily forgotten. Having got away once, he was certain that he could escape again.

When von Werra and his escort reached Derby, after a six-hour journey, there was an unexpected hitch.

The Railway Transport Officer said that there were no more trains to their destination that night.

"Just my confounded luck!" grumbled the captain. "I've got to deliver this character to Swanwick P.O.W. Camp and return to Windermere by seven tomorrow morning. Can I ring the camp from here and ask for a car to pick him up?"

Von Werra pricked up his ears. *Swanwick!* It was the first time he had heard his destination mentioned—though it meant nothing to him.

While the captain was telephoning, von Werra took stock of the dimly lit office. Then he saw the map—a large-scale railway map. In the middle of it he could make out the word DERBY.

When the captain went off to find something to eat, leaving him in charge of the corporal, von Werra's eyes examined the map more closely. Its surface reflected the light, and from where he was sitting he could not make out other place names. He asked the corporal if he could move to the corner of the bench as he was tired and wished to lean against the wall. The corporal obligingly shifted along. He, too, was tired, and was probably thinking of the meal the captain was now enjoying.

From the corner von Werra could read the names of the larger towns. He must memorize them systematically. To the west of Derby were Stoke and Stafford, to the east Nottingham—all roughly on the same line of latitude. He repeated the names to himself, imagining how they would sound if he spoke them.

Now and again the R.T.O. glanced idly at the prisoner, who appeared to be dozing. But it seemed that each time he glanced at the German, he caught him in the act of shutting his eyes. Then, while he was explaining a route to an inquirer, pointing it out on the map, he noticed that von Werra's eyes were wide open and alert. The officer paused, and went on with his explanation.

When he had finished, he glanced round the walls, rubbing his nose meditatively. Then he went over to one of the posters, took it down and pinned it over the middle of the map. Whistling softly, and ignoring the prisoner completely, he went through the motions of dusting his hands.

The poster was headed: "Keep It Dark!"

The corporal shifted uneasily on the bench and wondered whether he should say or do something. Von Werra grinned broadly.

A few minutes later the captain returned, followed by an officer from Swanwick Camp. Von Werra was formally handed over, and bundled into a truck in the station yard.

GOODNESS—5

When you see a good man,
think of emulating him;
when you see a bad man,
examine your own heart.

Confucius

PRISONER of War (Officers') Transit Camp No. 13 was a converted country house called The Hayes, half a mile from the village of Swanwick, Derbyshire, on the main road between Alfreton and Ripley. Originally a private residence, the property had been converted into a conference centre in 1911. In both world wars it was requisitioned by the War Office and converted into a prisoner-of-war camp. Known to thousands of British people, it is thus also known to two generations of Germans.

While in peacetime the halls had often rung with the passionate summons to defend human liberties, they now rang with the frenzied *Sieg Heil!* and braggart songs of imprisoned Nazis. And the grounds where delegates had strolled on summer evenings were now patrolled by armed sentries.

The main buildings are on varying levels, linked by brick paths and short flights of steps. On the lawns are several fine cedars. At the top end of the garden, about twenty-five yards from the main buildings and at the highest point of the estate, there is a long, three-storey, wooden-frame building known as the Garden House. It contains 180 single bedrooms and is the main dormitory for delegates attending conferences at The Hayes.

Behind the Garden House and only a yard or so from it is the boundary fence. On the other side of the fence is a narrow lane which, from the lodge at the main entrance, runs round the boundary on three sides of the estate. The ground is still rising and the surface of the lane is roughly level with the window sills of the ground floor of the building. On the other side of the lane was a quickset hedge. Beyond the hedge the land sloped down to the small town of Riddings in the east, and south to the Pye Bridge and Ambergate railway line.

During the war there was a triple-dannert barbed wire fence on each side of the lane. Sentries patrolled the narrow pathway in between. The system of watch towers, set at intervals of fifty yards along the outside fence and equipped with searchlights and machine guns, included one at each end of the Garden House. The fences were floodlit at night except during air raid alerts. When the lights were switched off the guard was reinforced.

The front door of the Garden House is half-way along its length. Immediately in front of one half of the building, on the right hand side of the path leading up to it, there is a large rectangular lawn. From this vantage point

the gardens and most of the other buildings on the estate are in view.

Owing to the handcuffs, von Werra and the corporal had to dismount from the truck together when they arrived at the entrance to the camp.

"This way, chum," the guard said to the corporal. "Make for the blue light."

Von Werra was led into a porch lit by a low-powered electric bulb. When the outer door was closed the guard opened another leading into a brightly lit hall. The officer was already there, and handed the prisoner over to a sergeant, who wore a red cap. This cap caused von Werra a stab of dismay.

The presence of red-capped military policemen at the camp, taken in conjunction with the uncompromising attitude of the officer who had fetched him from Derby, seemed to confirm von Werra's expectation of finding Swanwick to be a *Straflager* or punishment camp.

The M.P. sergeant unlocked von Werra's handcuffs and took him to the camp adjutant, a captain with iron-grey hair, gold-rimmed spectacles and an icy, precise manner, which had won for him the nicknames *der Pädagog*, or *der Schulfuchs*—slightly contemptuous terms for "the Schoolmaster." He spoke fluent, faultless German and prisoners felt he treated them as though they were new boys caught cribbing.

He was invariably correct and often helpful, but he never unbent for one moment. Prisoners respected and feared him, and did not bait him as they did some of the other officers.

The captain explained the rules of the camp to von Werra, and reminded him of certain articles of the Geneva Convention.

He had von Verra's file open on the desk in front of him.

"You know better than most prisoners that it is impossible to escape from England," he said. "Why not accept the fact and employ your wits and energy more usefully?"

Von Werra was in no mood for argument or bragging and he did not think the captain would be impressed anyway. So instead of pointing out that it was a prisoner's duty to try to escape, or wagering a magnum of champagne to a packet of cigarettes that he would escape, as he had done once before, he simply smiled and shrugged his shoulders. If the captain thought he was a reformed character, so much the better.

A surprise awaited von Werra. After a shower, during which his clothes and kit were searched, a visit to the medical officer and a meal of bread and butter and cocoa, which he ate ravenously, the sergeant led him out of the main building and along a brickwork path flanked by barbed wire to another building.

"This here is the Garden House," the sergeant said. "I shall take you to see Mr. Fanelsa, who is camp leader. He will allocate you to your room."

So Major Fanelsa was now leader of Swanwick Camp!

THEY entered a hallway lit by the usual low-powered bulb. To left and right was a long corridor running down the centre of the building from end to end.

There were dozens of doors on either side of this corridor, and immediately ahead a stairway leading to the upper floors. Fire buckets, stirrup pumps, long-handled scoops for tackling incendiary bombs, and half-filled sandbags were lined up in front of a blocked doorway.

As soon as von Werra put his nose inside the building, his sense of smell sharpened by the damp night air, he felt a sudden, bitter-sweet pang of nostalgia: the place smelled of *Kommiss*—of the German Services; a mixture of odours; uniforms, leather, boot-polish and brilliantine.

The corridor was empty, but he could hear the sound of muffled German voices coming from the rooms, with occasional shouts, thumps and laughter. Somewhere on the upper floors a prisoner was expertly playing a mouth-organ.

The sergeant tapped on a door. The booming voice of Major Fanelsa replied, "*Herein!*"

"Mr. Fanelsa, this here is Mr. Werra, who's just arrived. You'll see he gets fixed up all right?"

"Yes, thank you, sergeant. Good night to you."

"Good night, gentlemen."

Von Werra clicked his heels and saluted Fanelsa.

"*Heil Hitler!* Oberleutnant von Werra reporting after his release from close confinement and his transfer from Camp No. 1 to Camp No. 13."

The major stood up and solemnly returned von Werra's salute. He did not appear to be particularly pleased to see the newcomer.

The interview which now followed was, from von Werra's point of view, most unsatisfactory.

After a reference to his escape from Grizedale Hall, Fanelsa advised him bluntly to give up the idea of escaping for the time being. The Swanwick Camp commandant was a reasonable man, and he, Fanelsa, had been able to win some privileges from him. He did not want to risk these good relations for the sake of any wild-cat escape plan.

Of course, if von Werra hit on a really sound idea it would be different—but in view of the security precautions Fanelsa didn't think that likely. Perhaps they could discuss the matter again in a month or two.

And with that Fanelsa showed von Werra to his room and bade him good night.

The corridor was dimly lit and von Werra was at first unable to find the switch of the room light. After fumbling in the semi-darkness he found it behind the door and turned it on. He was dismayed by what he saw.

A camp bed with two folded blankets. A locker in the corner by the window. A flimsy wooden chair, the cane seat of which had a large hole in it. And that was all. The room was smaller and contained less furniture than the cell in which he had passed his "solitary." The stained match-boarding walls and the dark parquet floor, the bare light bulb and the dirty window gave the room a dreadfully shabby and uninviting appearance.

Loud, angry shouts from outside the building broke into his melancholy contemplation of the room.

He had forgotten to put up the blackout shutter. He found it in the corner of the room, beside the locker, and hastily fixed it in place.

The shouts had roused the occupants of nearby rooms. Doors in the corridor opened and sleepy or bad-tempered voices called out:

"What's going on?"

"Who's making all the row?"

"Switch off, man, or they'll shoot it out!"

Von Werra stepped out into the corridor and saw phantom figures converging on him, some in pyjamas, others in crumpled underwear. They peered forward to identify the culprit. One of them cried:

"Good Lord!—Werra!"

ALL at once he found himself the centre of a laughing, gesticulating group. His arm was pumped, his back slapped by old comrades, and several men introduced themselves simultaneously. They clamoured for details of his arrival, his escape and recapture, and how he had been taken prisoner in the first place.

A tall, blond, broad-shouldered man had made his way to von Werra's side, and was now smiling at him and holding his elbow. The newcomer introduced himself as Leutnant Wagner, of the 54th Fighter *Geschwader*.

"Don't let them bully you," he said. "You get your head down to a good night's rest, and tell us all about your adventures in the morning. I just wanted to shake your hand—and wish you better luck next time."

Von Werra immediately liked the look of this burly fighter type, and his eyes twinkled with pleasure when he heard Wagner's unmistakable Austrian accent.

In the ensuing weeks they were to get to know one another well.

Wagner was the last to leave. He looked back from the doorway and observed von Werra's expression with some amusement.

"Pretty bare, isn't it?" he said. "Tomorrow you must look at some of the other chaps' rooms and get ideas for brightening it up and making it more comfortable. Some of them have worked wonders."

There was a note of raillery in his voice. Von Werra looked him in the eyes, weighing him up, then spoke with sudden passion.

"Damn the room! I don't want to brighten it up. I don't want to make it more comfortable. You don't suppose I'm going to stay in this hole one night more than I can possibly help, do you? I'm getting out, I tell you!"

Wagner shook his head in mock despair.

"Tut, tut, Werra!" he said. "After all the sound advice which must have been given you this evening. I know how you feel. I'd like to get out myself. But you won't find it easy."

"I'll find some way," von Werra replied categorically. "Have you any ideas?"

"Possibly. We'll talk about it tomorrow. You'd better get some sleep."

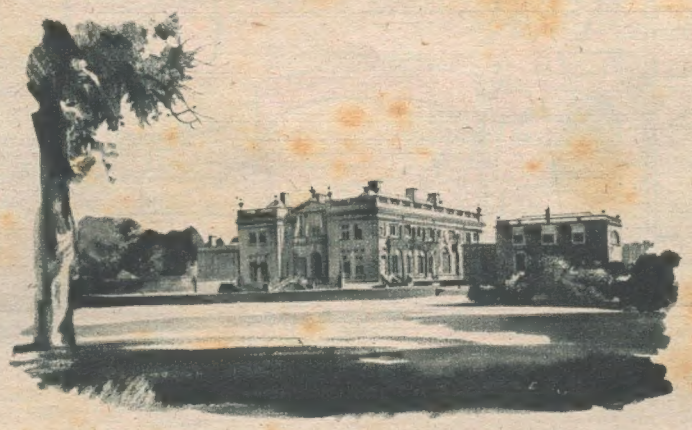
NEXT WEEK: The Germans build a secret tunnel

"The One That Got Away" is published as a book by Collins and Michael Joseph at 16s.

OPEN TO VIEW

by JAMES LEES-MILNE

Drawn by ROWLAND HILDER



Lord Stourton disagreed with his mother—so he murdered two men

UNTIL about 1720 Stourton, as the place was then called, belonged to the family of that name, which acquired it before the Norman Conquest. The eighth Lord Stourton came to an untimely end in Salisbury market place in 1557. He was publicly hanged in a silk halter for the murder of two men named Hartgill, father and son.

Their offence had been to champion Lord Stourton's mother who, on the death of her husband, was anxious either to marry again or be provided by her son with a decent jointure. She did not mind which alternative.

Lord Stourton, who was both mean and brutal, objected. He gave orders for the Hartgills' assassination, "himself bidding their throats to be cut." Then he threw their bodies into a pit in front of the house.

When Mr. Henry Hoare bought the property he changed its name to Stourhead, pulled down the old house and built a new one. His great-grandson, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, added two imposing wings to take his great collection of books and pictures.

The Hoare family were rich goldsmiths and men of good taste and generous patrons of artists. Thomas Chippendale, the younger, was specially commissioned to provide furniture. Each piece is faithfully itemized in the great cabinet maker's bills preserved in the house, down to the very chair cushions of red cloth "tied down with yellow and black tufts."

The property was left to the National Trust in 1947 by the late Sir Henry and Lady Hoare who, after fifty-three married years at Stourhead, died within two hours of each other.

The great feature of Stourhead is the magnificent gardens. These were designed by the second Mr. Henry Hoare after 1741 round a chain of lakes. Generations of visitors have written in praise of the beautiful gardens and the temples and statues they contain.

John Wesley, on the other hand, was horribly shocked: "(1) because several of the statues . . . were mean; (2) because I cannot admire the images of devils, and we know the gods of the heathen are but devils; (3) because I defy all mankind to reconcile statues with nudities either to commonsense or common decency."

How to get there: Stourhead is three miles from Mere, Wiltshire. *Open:* Grounds: April to September, Sundays and Fridays, 2 till 7, other days, 11 till 7; October to March, Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, 11 till 7, Sundays, 2 till 7, or dusk if earlier. House: Wednesdays, Thursdays (March to October only), Saturdays, Sundays and Bank Holidays (except Boxing Day), 2.30 till 6, or dusk if earlier.

Win £1500 CASH THIS WEEK

BIGGEST 'BULLETS' OPPORTUNITY FOR YEARS AND YEARS

PLUS

Celebration Weekend FOR TWO at "Bullets" 44th Birthday Party

BEGINNING FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1956

WELL over £1,500,000 in prizes has already been won in *Bullets*. Now, to celebrate the forty-fourth birthday of the most *entertaining* of all competitions, here is a glittering opportunity for you to grasp.

For a few words on your coupon below you can capture this week the biggest *Bullets* fortune offered for years, a must-be-won-outright sum of £1,500 cash, plus two invitations to *Bullets* Birthday Party!

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Most meritorious of the "£300 plus—" First Prize "Bullets" in Contests 2,061 to 2,066 wins £1,500 cash—the First Prize cheque with Tournament Award added.

44 OTHER BIRTHDAY CHEQUES and UNLIMITED NEW FREE GIFTS

£25, £10, £9, £8, £7, £6, 3 of £5, 10 of £3, 25 of £2, 1,500 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

THIS WAY TO WIN

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

What's Wrong With The World	Torture
Go-ahead Government	Time Will Tell
In The Way Of Peace	Moaning And Groaning
Life Would Be Easier If	To Go On With
Road To Glory	Her Gallant
What Brains Can Do	Modern Robin Hood
Green In Our Memory	A Bit Of All Right
Fog At Westminster	Auntie's Budgerigar
Mother And Baby	Just As It Was
Letting The Side Down	If We Were All Saints

Incomplete "Examples"—see instructions

With All Britain's.....	Sitting Up And.....
Has Nothing To.....	That Poor.....
Made Sonny.....	.....In A Hurry

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit; the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated November 17), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.
(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, November 3, for early news of *Bullets* No. 2,061 result.)

POST ENTRY : "Bullets" 2,061, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Secure your NEW FREE Birthday GIFT with this label

TO qualify for 3-in-1 Birthday Presentation to arrive November 8, I enclose this Label (stamped 2½d. for postage) with 5 or more *Bullets* for Competition No. 2,061. (Not more than one Gift allowed per entrant.)

YOU MUST AFFIX 2½d. STAMP HERE for POSTAGE

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....

.....

CHIEF WINNERS—"BULLETS" No. 2,056

FIRST PRIZE, £300 (or £1,250 if Tournament winner) plus Venice Weekend for Two: W. Payne, 16 Gladsmuir Road, London, N.19:

Good Samaritan—Sees "Brother"—Others, *Bother*!

£25: H. S. Pemberton, 19 Stafford Street, Melton Road, Leicester: TO SUCCEED—"TUMBLE" AS YOU "STUMBLE"!

£10: T. Tomlinson, 3 Main Street, Busby, Renfrewshire: GOOD SAMARITAN—"SOLOMON" AND "SAMSON"—POLICEMAN!

OTHER AWARDS. £9: N. J. Stewart, 28 Hercies Road, Hillingdon: INDUSTRIAL PEACE—WITHOUT "OLIVERS"—*And* "CROMWELLS"! £8: R. A. Constance, 3 Francis Street, Cheltenham: CURE FOR NATIONALISM'S—"FEVER"—FROM "STAGNANT" CANAL? £7: Mrs. F. M. Holt, Wissenden, Bethersden, Ashford, Kent: CURE FOR TWO—CHINS—*Use* TWO LEGS! £6: J. McManus, 58 Coxons Close, Huntingdon; SPORTSMEN WORTH BACKING—PACKING IF BACKING LACKING. £5: L. Gittleman, 21 Oak Road, Leeds: GOOD SAMARITAN—MAKES WAYSIDE *His* "PULPIT"! £5: Mrs. V. G. Holding, 39 Kingsbury Gardens, Dunstable: CURE FOR HIGHWAY—SPEEDING—RAISE *Magistrates'* "LIMIT"! £5: F. Matthews, Sir Williams Lane, Aylsham, Norwich: NOT WHAT SHE WAS—DAD'S CAR—"SMOKING," "DRINKING——!

For ten winners of £2 10s., see *"Bullets" Bulletin*. 50 Special Awards and 1,500 "Good Shot" Prizes have also been posted.

(Tournament winner will be announced in JOHN BULL next week.)

WIN £1,500 WITH THIS COUPON

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

ADD FURTHER "BULLET" WITHOUT FEE as special Birthday Privilege if you enter six *Bullets* above.

EX.

B.

2,061 CLOSING POSTMARK MON., OCTOBER. 22

I agree to rules and enclose P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

841

GET YOUR BULLETIN

STICK 2½d. STAMP here for the latest available issue of the *"Bullets" Bulletin* — your guide to success.

HÆMORRHOIDS

"CLEARED UP IMMEDIATELY"

—another success for new tablet treatment

This Londoner wanted to be free from hæmorrhoids "for at least a while"—so he bought his first packet of Hemotabs. Now he writes: "... with the idea of being free from hæmorrhoids for at least a while, I bought a packet of your tablets ... The trouble cleared up immediately, and I have had no recurrence since then". — F.J.

Hemotabs are an entirely new treatment for hæmorrhoids. You swallow these tablets with a glass of water—like an aspirin. They are clean and simple to take, and no other treatment is required. Acting inside the body, Hemotabs reduce the swellings, help restore normal actions and promote healing. Write for free descriptive leaflet to: Dept. J.B.6, E. Griffiths Hughes Ltd., P.O. Box 407, Manchester. Hemotabs are available from chemists at 2/7d. a packet.

HEMOTABS

9d Clears out Catarrh

Choked up by Catarrh? Suffered from it for years? Wondering what you can do about it? Get yourself a 9d. tin of Mentholatum. Put a little in each nostril and you'll find you can breathe freely! It's like coming out of a choking fog into the sweet, clean air of the hilltops! Mentholatum is the Breathable Balm. With every breath its volatile, antiseptic vapours penetrate to the innermost recesses of the nasal passages, opening them up, clearing out the clogging mucus. Tins 9d. Jars & Tubes 2/-.

DON'T RISK A NERVOUS BREAKDOWN

If you're headachy, cannot sleep soundly, or find you're growing irritable and easily depressed, your nerves are suffering from strain.

You need more Vitamin B, the element your nerves must have to grow sturdy and steady.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast with your meals. Brewers' yeast is the richest natural source of the B Vitamins, and these little tablets are pure Brewers' yeast in concentrated form.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. You will sleep better, be less easily upset, less worried and depressed, and your digestion will improve. But be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast. It is simply pure yeast with all its cells intact and without any drugs or harmful ingredients.

At all Chemists, 1/9, 4/- and 6/6.

Printed in Great Britain by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., and Published by Odhams Press Ltd., Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Registered for transmission to Canada (including Newfoundland). Postage on this copy: Inland, 4d.; Abroad, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d. Agencies for Australia and New Zealand: Gordon & Gotch Ltd. For South Africa: Central News Agency Ltd. CONDITIONS OF SALE: This periodical shall not, without the written consent of the publishers, be lent, resold or hired out except at the full retail price of 4d., or otherwise disposed of in any unauthorized cover, by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

When you want to know something
worth knowing, *ask a happy man.*
Here's one. Designs yachts and races them.
Lives, works and welcomes
you in a one-time warehouse,
with a view from the windows like a
sailor's dream of heaven.
Come and meet him . . .

Can we walk in?

You're in!—so make yourselves comfortable. Push those photos out of the way. Don't sit on the motor horn. Will you have a Martini?

Thanks!

Wait, now . . . Come over here and watch the Queen Elizabeth go by. I was out there myself an hour ago, in my own Fresh Breeze. Twenty-tonner . . . How do you like it?

Beautiful!

I mean the Martini. Maybe that's what you mean. Straight vermouth, or a little gin?

Straight, please.

Straight as a bat! Many's the game of cricket I've played, bang in the middle of the Solent, out on a patch of sand there when the sea's right . . . Straight and dry is my liking. Get the taste better. And if there's a better taste than Martini on a fine, bright morning in Cowes, my name's not Uffa Fox!

Better drink

MARTINI

Sweet or Dry